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R. FELLOWS WILLSON.

THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.

57, Bedford Gardens, Kensington.



COUNTRY LIFE
THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustration: The Countess of Mar and Kellie...</i>	649, 650
<i>Our Diminishing Water Supply</i> ...	650
<i>Country Notes...</i> ...	651
<i>An East Suffolk Farm. (Illustrated)</i> ...	653
<i>Pear Trees at Deal Castle. (Illustrated)</i> ...	656
<i>Old Shropshire Superstitions</i> ...	657
<i>A Book of the Week</i> ...	658
<i>The Lawrenny Stud Farm. (Illustrated)</i> ...	659
<i>In the Garden</i> ...	662
<i>Merchant Princes of Old Bristol. (Illustrated)</i> ...	663
<i>Country Homes: Two Cotswold Manor Hous es. (Illustrated)</i> ...	666
<i>Migration of Salmon...</i> ...	668
<i>The English Tankard. (Illustrated)</i> ...	670
<i>Ancient Windmills. (Illustrated)</i> ...	672
<i>Wood Secrets</i> ...	675
<i>May-time on the Cliffs. (Illustrated)</i> ...	676
<i>Mrs. Gradwell's Pianos</i> ...	677
<i>From the Farms</i> ...	679
<i>The Art of Horsemanship—II. (Illustrated)</i> ...	680
<i>Correspondence</i> ...	683

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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OUR DIMINISHING WATER SUPPLY.

THE gravity of the question of our national water supply begins to make itself more and more strongly felt alike in country houses, in little villas, and in towns and cities which are served by distant sources. The former, as a rule, are dependent on such supplies as they may obtain for themselves; the latter are in the hands of municipal authorities, and the chief concern of the householder is to pay his water rate. It is a rate that is constantly on the increase, speaking generally, and a rate that, in the very nature of things, is certain to increase in the future. The country houses and the villas that are self-supporting in this respect are equally subject to an increasing cost and difficulty in obtaining their supplies, as they have to go deeper and deeper in order to reach the water-bearing strata.

The statement of the problem that is thus becoming insistent is simplicity itself. The sources of supply are being tapped at a much faster rate than they are replenished. There is no difficulty in finding instances in support of the statement. The difficulty is that they are so many that one hardly knows where to begin in the selection. For an example we may take the case of the Chiltern Hills, where increased facilities of locomotion are leading so many, whose business occupies them daily in the great city, to have their country villas for the pleasure of their leisure hours. Whence are these villas to draw their water supply? The obvious method is to bore the ground until they reach it. But in what stratum will they first find it? Between the upper and the lower chalk. And at what depth will they reach this stratum? The answer depends on the elevation of the villa and the curve of the strata, which dip down Londonwards at the particular point selected; we may not be far out of the measurement in putting it at some 400ft. This is a considerable depth, and means a considerable expense relatively to the cost of such a villa, as people are disposed to build on the hill countries round and about London. Perhaps, however, the cost would not greatly matter, if the supply, when it was reached, was abundant and secure. Unfortunately, it is neither of these. Its abundance depends on the area of the infiltrating strata through which the water

sinks until it reaches the relatively impervious bed on which it will lie, and where it can be tapped. Experience of much deeper boring in this district shows that this costly course is of no avail. By boring through the lower chalk to a depth of 800ft., at which point the lowest level is considerably below that of the Thames, one arrives at no better sources of supply. If the green sand is encountered, it is well; for it appears that this stratum can be fairly relied on to be water-bearing. But it also appears that the green sand has a way of "pinching out," so that, though you go deeper, you go no better. The supply is confined to the trickle of the water through the upper chalk that you can catch as it goes to its basin Londonwards. Nor have you the best security for the stability even of that supply, for it is evident that if a neighbour comes and digs a little deeper and taps the same source a little lower, be he only a humble villa dweller like yourself, or be he a corporation seeking supply for a great city, in either case, according to his degree and the amount that he abstracts, he will make the water that you supposed to be your own pass by you so much the quicker, and will leave you so much the less for your own disposal. Unfortunately you establish no valid claim on the water of a stratum by sinking your well into it. Just beyond your boundary your neighbour may go with a bigger and a deeper well into the same stratum, and make a perfectly legal theft of the water that your well held. This may not be equity, but it is law; and even if it were to be desired in this instance that the law should enforce what equity seems to require, the enforcement would be difficult. The instance of the Chiltern Hills is but a typical one of the state of the case in connection with the water supply in all the residential districts, as they are termed, that become continually more thickly populated in the environs not of London only, but of all big cities. Villa residences spring up on all the surrounding heights; the Hog's Back, the North Downs, the forest ridge of Sussex, as well as the hills to the north of London, all begin to be peopled in a like manner, and everywhere a similar problem presents itself with a less or greater but an ever-growing insistence.

Thus the origin of our "present discontents" is not difficult to perceive. Exactly the method in which the remedy is to be applied in every case is not easy to describe, and must depend on the particular circumstances, but the direction in which we ought to look for the remedy is clearly indicated for us. So long as we continue, according to the methods now in use, to go on tapping the water that is hidden in the earth, or drawing from lakes that are mainly fed by springs, so long are we drawing on a supply that is obviously exhaustible, and in process of time must become, for all practical purposes, exhausted. But there is a supply that is sent down to us from the clouds which is, humanly speaking, inexhaustible. Every winter we see thousands and thousands of tons of rain-water pouring away uselessly, and worse than uselessly, into the rivers and so into the sea, in some years failing to find adequate means of exit and causing disastrous floods. A very large proportion of this flood-water it would be possible, by diverting and damming back the course of streams and rivers in spate, to retain for summer use. Something, of course, is already done in this direction, but the something done is as nothing in comparison with what it should be easy to do at a relatively small expenditure, and it is a work that promises soon to become one of absolute necessity. The villa and the country house dweller in the districts where the problem has become pressing, are already collecting rain-water in big tanks and learning to rely on that source of supply more and more, extending, wherever possible, the area of their roofage for the sake of the larger collection of the rain-water coming off it. The amount that can thus be gathered is far larger than those who live in a country well supplied with spring water, and where, in consequence, such rain-water tanks as exist are commonly neglected and leaky, are at all likely to suppose. It is said that our average of rainfall in the British Isles is decreasing, and certainly even in the proverbial "fill-dyke" month of February this year many districts were crying aloud for rain; but perhaps this is but an illusion, due to calculation based on an inadequate number of years; perhaps a nearly equal evaporation goes on each year in the regions where our rain supply is manufactured, and its conveyance to our shores depends merely on the wind currents, the causes of which are too complex for us yet to ascertain them. But in any case it is certain that the supply is ample for all our needs if we could but solve the difficulty of how best to preserve a very small percentage of it when plentiful for our use in time of drought.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Mar and Kellie. Lady Mar and Kellie was a daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury, and her marriage to the Earl of Mar and Kellie took place in 1892.



AS has often happened before, the newspaper writers are much exercised in their minds by a pregnant deliverance on the part of the Kaiser. Evidently his military mind has been much struck by the fine quality shown by the Japanese soldiers, and he attributes their victories to patriotism, family affection, and discipline. But his admiration is qualified by his Christianity, and, in his opinion, that these victories had been won by a heathen over a Christian nation showed that Russian Christianity must be in a very sad condition. Then followed a declaration, clothed in the proud humility which is so characteristic of the Kaiser. He doubted whether in the event of a war "we Germans have any longer the right to ask God for victory, and to wrestle in prayer with Him for this favour, like Jacob with the Angel." He likened the Japanese to Attila and Napoleon, and called them "a scourge of God." All this is extremely typical of the mind of a potentate who is at once a mystic and a soldier. But it does not seem to argue well for the continuance of the German-Russian friendship.

Weeks ago we were all, metaphorically speaking, listening for the thunder of the guns of Admirals Togo and Rozhdestvensky, but it is difficult in any circumstances to foretell when a naval battle is likely to come off, and the two fleets are still presumably in search of one another. During the time that has elapsed certain opinions favourable to Admiral Rozhdestvensky have been steadily growing. He may not have given evidence of brilliance, but it required some seamanship to get his fleet out to where it is, and so far he has shown great coolness and capacity. Also he has not hesitated to do much that looked as if it would have the effect of provoking France to enter into the struggle. His prolonged stay in territorial waters probably caused as much uneasiness in Paris as anywhere else. It is not always possible to order the admiral of a fleet to move on at a moment's notice. The Japanese have shown unusual excitement at the French friendliness to Russia, and at one time it looked as though they were inclined to blame us, their ally, for not interfering; but matters never reached a point which necessitated action on our part, and the Japanese themselves, who cannot possibly desire to get embroiled with another nation, are now recognising that we did right in standing by till the critical moment had come for interference. After all, France is one of our allies as well as Japan, and in this case, if the truth were told, France herself probably has been very much embarrassed by the persistency with which Russia has appealed to her friendship.

It is gratifying to see that the facts and figures continue to point to a revival of commercial prosperity. The foreign trade returns issued by the Board of Trade for April are very instructive reading. They show that the exports from this country continue to increase, while there is a considerable falling off in the imports. For the latter circumstance a very natural explanation is forthcoming. The supplies of wheat from the United States and from Russia have fallen very much this year in comparison with previous years, and English buyers have been forced to resort to Canada and our other colonies to meet their requirements. It would seem, then, fairly certain that, although there is nothing like a great boom in trade, either actual or visible in the future, still there is a recovery, slow and gradual, from the depression of the past few years.

If our knowledge of salt-water fish is to be extended and systematised it will be done to a large extent by local effort. We, therefore, welcome the Report of the work done during the past year by the Northumberland Sea Fisheries Committee. Mr. Alexander Meek, who edits the Report and takes a great part in the work, contributes a short introduction that summarises the work done in 1904. One of the most regrettable features of the year was the decrease in the number of fish, as proved by the catches both by trawl and by line. Flat fish, especially, seem to have gone off in numbers. In the twelve

months 468 flat fish, mainly dabs, flounders, plaice, and turbot, were marked with labels and returned to the sea, and the particulars given about them will merit the attention of all who are interested in this subject. They to a considerable degree modify the ideas floating loosely about these fish.

Broadly speaking, the results arrived at are "that plaice do not usually migrate from the inshore waters until they arrive at maturity, when they are four to five years old." The rule is general only, and in some cases migrations to the North have taken place. The returns for dabs point to the curious segregation of the sexes; the females appear to haunt the places at which they were liberated, while the males migrate twenty or thirty miles to the south and into deeper water. Many of the fishermen wish that some form of lobster culture should be established, and it would be a good thing if in October, November, and December a close time were to be made for crabs. We cannot conclude without a word of sympathy in regard to the very bad fire that broke out in the Cullercoats Laboratory. It was so serious that it brought the work conducted there to an end, destroying a great portion of the records, besides much valuable literature belonging to the college, the laboratory, and Mr. Meek.

THE DREAM WOOD.

There's a little wood where sweetness dwells—

Away, away—

Is dim and bright, and bright and dim,

Is filled with gladness to the brim,

Gladness both still and gay.

The little wood is in dreamland,

Where voices sing and call,

Where gentle love shines night and day—

Have you been there at all?

O come with me to that little wood,

It is not so far away;

Rest your cheek on the tender flowers,

Cool your thirst in the misty showers,

Come with me there, to-day!

HILDA M. TAYLOR.

The chairman's report at the meeting of the Caledonian Steam Trawling Company lately held at Aberdeen was a very satisfactory one. A 5 per cent. dividend was declared, and the chairman was able to congratulate the company on the generally improved outlook for the trawling industry. No doubt all this was especially interesting and pleasing to the shareholders, but it is also news of an agreeable nature to the public at large who are concerned with the question of our national fish supplies.

The weather has continued to be unseasonably cold for the spring fishing in Scotland, but those who have persevered in its despite have had their reward, both with the salmon and the trout. From the Helmsdale in the North right down through Scotland, rivers, as a rule, have fished well, and Loch Leven is clearer of weed and is promising better than has been the case for several years. Trout-fishers in the South are rather apt to fail to realise how entirely different the season of their sport is from the season of the trout angler in Scottish rivers. The former have their carnival in the May-fly time, that is to say, in a normal season, early in June. The second week in June is just about the date when the Scottish river trout begin to feed on "creeper," and while they are giving all their attention to this dainty, and afterwards for a while when they are gorged with it, it is difficult to make them take an interest in the fly. In the weeks previous to this, when the big hatches of March Brown take place on the rivers, the fun is fast and furious, and this is the time of the Scottish river angler's finest sport with the trout.

The British Consul-General at Naples describes in his latest report some interesting experiments which two prominent Italian botanists, Professor Mattei and Dr. Serra, have been making in the cultivation of the truffle. Truffle-gathering is already a far more important industry in the Italian peninsula than in this country, but the originators of these experiments claim to have provided a spawn or mycelium which will produce from 10lb. to 20lb. of tubers from the roots of a single oak tree every year, and they assert, further, that the mycelium will propagate itself with undiminished fertility for a considerable number of years. The establishment of truffle culture on such a scale as this would be of great benefit to the wooded rural districts of Italy. But it would be very unsafe to expect that, even if the new strain proves all that is expected of it in Italy, it would necessarily be equally successful in this country.

Without the general world being aware of it, hostile operations have been conducted against rats in the Port of London for some time now with conspicuous and brilliant

success. Last year no fewer than 65,595 rats had to succumb to the scientific attack made upon them, making a death-roll of 383,377 since the work of extermination commenced in 1901. Nor is it likely, in view of the result of recent investigations, that the enemies of the rats will relax their efforts. In November of last year a genuine case of plague was detected in a vessel from the River Plate, and it was found on enquiry that the patient had been catching rats with his hands. On the arrival of the steamship at Gravesend the man was taken to hospital and the rest of the crew landed and disinfected, the vessel being fumigated from stem to stern. Some days afterwards, during the discharge of the cargo, a live rat was seen, and the disinfecting process was again applied. No fewer than 205 rats were caught and destroyed. Some fluid was taken from the plague-stricken patient and inoculated into a captive rat, with the result that it produced the disease. The connection of rats and plague therefore has been finally established.

It is very evident that those who are interested in the importation of Canadian cattle to this country do not intend to let the grass grow under their feet while the present embargo remains in force. Canada has been able for so long a while now to show a clean bill of health, that the provisions, which were reasonable enough when the embargo was enacted in 1892, are perhaps scarcely justified now. That, at least, is the view taken by various agricultural, commercial, and municipal bodies who, a short while ago, laid their grievances at the feet of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and have just supplemented an interview with Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, President of the Board of Trade, by a large meeting of delegates from the various bodies and of private persons all interested in the same object. The rights of the case are too involved, and would be too long in the statement, for present discussion; but it is undeniable that there are some solid grounds for complaint.

One of the many places of beauty and interest in his native land seldom visited by the Briton, who yet will travel far abroad in search of the like places, is the fine and picturesque old town of Sherborne in Dorsetshire. In the present year, being its 12,000th anniversary, it will be brought to public notice in a peculiar manner by the performance of a folk-play, to be styled "The Sherborne Pageant," composed for the occasion by Mr. Louis Parker. The performance will be given in the ruins of the ancient castle of Sherborne, and tickets for it may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, The Parade, Sherborne. The incidents of the play will represent some chief events in the history of the town, which was founded, together with the school and bishopric, by St. Ealdhein in 705. Apart from its historical interest, Sherborne has great claim to attention for its picturesque beauty. It was known to, and loved by, Charles Dickens, who has immortalised in his books the surnames of some of its townsfolk.

The museum of South Kensington has received very notable additions lately, but none of much greater value than that which we understand will be coming to it from Mr. Gordon Smith. During the last two years he has been engaged in studying the fish fauna of the inland seas of Japan, and he has just returned with a budget of information on natural history acquired during this period of study. His specimens of fishes are said to be in several cases quite new to science, and he is also reported to have secured one or two new species of mammals. If these are added to the museum at South Kensington, they will greatly enhance its usefulness to students of these subjects.

It is already evident that the cricket season is going to be a very lively one this year, owing chiefly to the presence of an exceptionally powerful Australian team. While we write they have not yet had a full opportunity of showing their mettle, and it could not possibly be expected that the Australians should be at the top of their form just after their arrival in England. Yet they have done so well in the matches already played, that the highest expectations are formed of their performances later in the year. Evidently it will require the most careful selection of English cricketers to make a good fight against them in the test matches. The counties have begun their annual tournament with all the usual vigour. From the play of Yorkshire in the first county match it seems exceedingly likely that Lord Hawke's team will make a hard struggle for the championship.

Next week there is due to start in London one of those great and sensational matches which stand out from the ordinary ruck of contests between one player and another. Needless to say, we refer to the meeting of those great and rival exponents of billiards, Roberts and Stevenson. For as long as most of us

remember to have taken an interest in the game, the figure of Roberts has stood out in billiards in much the same way as Dr. W. G. Grace has stood out in cricket, and he has won so many victories that it is difficult to realise that a time may come when he can no longer hold his own. But even a billiard player, soon or late, is caught by the devouring years, and youth will be served. Stevenson is a very much younger man than his opponent, and during the last ten or twelve years has raised himself into a position to challenge the latter, even at his best. What the result of this battle royal is going to be no one will prophesy. All that we do know is that it is bound to be most dramatic and interesting.

WINDRUSH WAY.

Oh, have you come from Windrush way,
Across the bleak and lonely wold?
Oh, I left there at break of day,
When all the clouds were rimmed with gold.

Oh, have you come from Windrush way,
And was the scented gorse afame?
It filled the vales with gold and grey,
Through fragrant groves of it I came.

Oh, what saw you down Windrush way—
The glancing stream, the wet young grass?
I watched the young brown trout at play,
I saw the swallows swiftly pass.

Saw you my love down Windrush way,
With brow of snow and hair of night?
I heard no girlish laughter gay,
No sound of footstep fleet and light.

Were the floods wide down Windrush way,
O'er fields where yellow cowslips blow?
The silver blossoms of the may
Strewed the white floods with scented snow.

Saw you naught else down Windrush way,
And did my love send word to me?
Alas! as one asleep she lay
Where the wide floods flow silently.

ISABEL CLARKE,

One of the most curious fashions of the time is that of keeping memorial days, such as anniversaries, centenaries, and tercentenaries. Perhaps a positivist might draw the inference that we were coming back to Comte's worship of humanity; but without going into the philosophy of the matter, we can sympathise with the Spaniards for keeping the tercentenary of Cervantes with so much stateliness and *éclat*. Cervantes was one of the few men of letters who added to the classics of the world. "Don Quixote" was, to use in its right way for once a much-hackneyed phrase, an epoch-making work. It has had many imitators, and what is of far more importance, it inspired many masterpieces, including the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, and the work of our own Harry Fielding. But no writer of romance has been able to surpass, or even equal, it. It remains first of its kind in the whole realm of printed literature, and the countrymen of its great author are doing well in their endeavour to keep his memory green.

The extraordinary baskets of trout taken on Blagdon Reservoir last week—twenty fish, weighing 91½ lb.—coming as it does after the fine sport there during last season, cannot fail to arouse fresh interest in the food and general conditions that have produced fish of such heavy weights. This reservoir is a new one, yet, like that at Northampton some years ago, its trout are larger than those in older waters, and in beautiful condition. Various suggestions have been put forward to account for this phenomenal growth. One is that the first crop of weed is more prolific in food than those which subsequently follow; another that millions of drowned worms form an extra article of diet during the first year. And both suggestions are possible enough, as there was a marked decrease in the number of big fish in the Northamptonshire Reservoir as it grew older, and it is not unlikely that such will prove to be the case in Somerset; but it is probable that in both cases investigation will show that the presence of coarse fish in large numbers was the principal cause of the heavy weight these trout attained. Added to which, there must also be taken into consideration the absolutely untainted state of the water. Fly-fishermen will rejoice to learn that all these fish were taken on the fly, but they will also regret that many of the smaller ones were not put back. Gross weights of fish should not appeal to the finer instincts of the angler.

The Roxburgh County Council is entering on a campaign in which it ought to have the sympathy and support of all the many good anglers in the Border district. At a recent meeting under the presidency of Lord Polwarth, it was proposed from the

chair and seconded by Lord Minto that the Local Government Board of England and the Secretary for Scotland should be asked to appoint a committee representing every county through which the Tweed and its main tributaries flow, and to endow this committee with the powers of a sanitary authority, in order to check the very serious and growing evil of the pollution of the

Tweed itself and the smaller rivers that feed it. The proposal was carried by a large majority, and although moved primarily in the interests of the health of human beings, the measure proposed is one that, if effectively carried out, may have at least equally beneficial results for the fish in these rivers, and so, too, for the anglers who find their sport in them.

AN EAST SUFFOLK FARM.

ON a previous occasion we showed some pictures of a farm in Northumberland, with its characteristic crops, its strong labourers, and wild scenery. A more absolute contrast could scarcely be imagined than is presented by the Suffolk holding which we illustrate to-day. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind. The very hall in which Mr. Wilson, the farmer, lives is of a kind scarcely to be seen in the North of England. It has, indeed, been a stately manor house, and is Elizabethan in the style of its architecture. The tenants who are now there come of a family which has



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THE FARMHOUSE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

been for some fifty years settled in Suffolk, and the name of Wilson is closely associated with the progress of agriculture in East Anglia. The grandfather of the present Mr. Wilson was well known for his knowledge. The holding is one of considerable size, although, as there is no hill-pasture, the actual acreage does not seem enormous in comparison with the 3,700 acres of our Northumbrian farm. But 580 acres, of which 460 are arable and 120 are permanent pasture, form a very considerable holding.

Some idea of the cultivation may be gleaned from the crops: 100 acres



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A SHEPHERD'S CARE.

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SCATTERING FERTILISERS BY HAND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

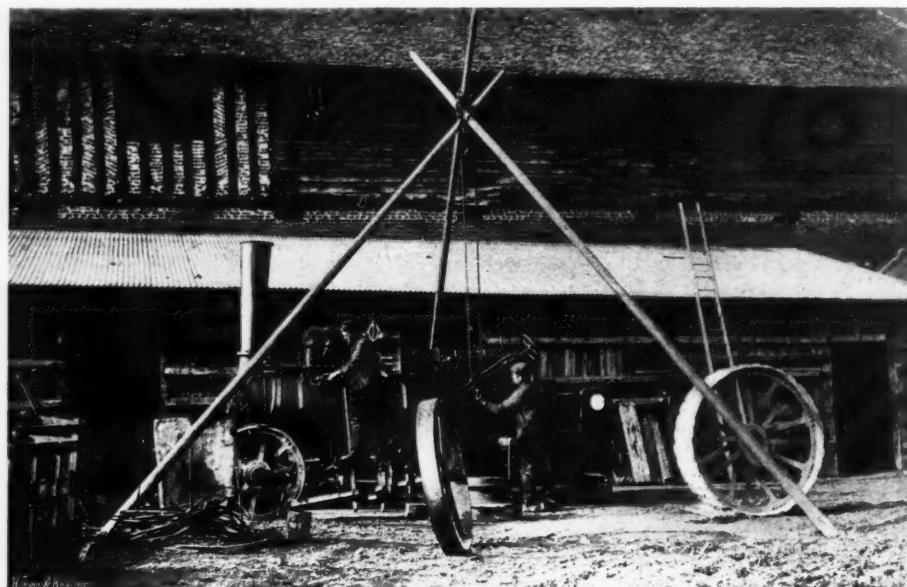
of wheat, 90 acres of barley, 50 acres of oats, 75 acres of beans and peas, 70 acres of roots, 55 acres of clover leys, and 25 acres of temporary grass for cutting for hay, in addition to 10 acres of potatoes. This means a great deal of arable cultivation and the employment of a considerable staff. On the farm there are eight men labourers and a lad, eight men and three lads in charge of horses, two cattlemen and two lads, and two shepherds. One difference that will at once be noticed between the North and South is that, whereas in the former every ploughman is supposed to attend to the welfare of his own pair of horses, in the South there is a special staff of men appointed for this part of the work. Probably, too, it is a disadvantage to the Southern labourer that he has a shorter engagement than his Northern compatriot. With such a family as that at Baylam Hall this may not matter much, because, when the master and mistress are considerate, the question of the length of engagement in the case of any competent servant scarcely arises; but a weekly bargain in the majority of cases is not so good as one that is for twelve months. At least, that is the general impression in the minds of farm servants; but to set against it there is the fact that after a labourer has been twelve months on a farm he too often seems to believe that the natural time for flitting has arrived, and in the North of England there is in many districts a complete change of labourers every twelve months, occurring on Term Day, May 12th, and there can be no doubt that this has a bad effect in many respects. It prevents the cottager from becoming

attached to his house or taking an over-weaning interest in his garden. He is scarcely likely to plant fruit trees or even berry bushes while he is meditating an exodus at the end of the year, and experience shows that a competent labourer may stay for many years in the same place, even when his engagement is a weekly one. In this part of Suffolk there is very little piecework done, as the men do not like it, so that the complaint heard so frequently in the East of England about men being turned away for want of work on wet days does not apply to this particular farm.

The hours of work are not the same as those to which labourers in the North are accustomed. The men are called out at half-past six in the morning, and have half-an-hour for breakfast between the hours of eight

and nine, and one hour for dinner between twelve and one, while their time for stopping for the night is half-past five. These are summer arrangements. During the winter the same men work from seven to twelve, and one to five. Horsemen, however, are required to keep quite different time, as they rise at half-past five, so as to have the animals ready for the ploughmen. In the afternoon the horses return to the stables at three o'clock, when they are fed. The horsemen then go to their dinner until four in the afternoon, and afterwards bait and clean the horses until half-past five. The wages in this part of the country are from 13s. to 14s. per week,

with certain allowances of malt and house rent in the case of some of the farm servants. It has been frequently brought to



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SOME OF THE MACHINERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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HARROWING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the notice of the public how scarce cottages are in East Anglia at the present moment, and how difficult and expensive is the work of building them. But this farm is exceptionally well provided with accommodation of this kind, and there are no fewer than nine cottages upon it. It will be noticed that no women are employed in the fields, and it would be most interesting to know how this fact affects the economy of the small households. We may take it that in a cottage there is work only for one woman, and no more, and that the girls, if they are not allowed to work in the fields, go to service, probably in Ipswich. We cannot help thinking that they would be healthier, and probably as happy, if they stayed at home and assisted in the husbandry. However, these are the facts of the case, and it is easy to imagine the little army of labourers whose business it is to plough and sow and harrow, and, when the time comes, to carry home to their appointed places the kindly fruits of the earth.

On the farm a considerable amount of livestock is kept, and it is for the most part of a very good class. Sheep have been called the sheet-anchor of farming.

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AFTER THE TOIL OF THE DAY.



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FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

One of the most profitable varieties is kept here, viz., the Suffolk. There is a very good flock of about 200 ewes, which have lambed well during the past season, and, as will be seen from our pictures, they are making capital progress. Our Northern shepherd wears his plaid, or maud, as it is locally called, and the one we photograph to-day has on an article of clothing equally characteristic, viz., an old-fashioned smock, once worn by all who were engaged in agriculture, from the farmer downward, but now disused except on a few very remote farms, such as you can find in Berkshire, or by the shepherds, who wear the smock as the tradesman does an apron, for cleanliness. The farm labourer of to-day in dress and appearance differs very slightly from the ordinary tradesman or mechanic of the village, and, indeed, the clothes have the same place of origin. A couple of generations ago the village tailor was a flourishing person. He carried his goose to the house of his customers, and cut and sewed their garments sitting on the kitchen table; but like many other local institutions he has practically passed away, and his place has been taken by the cheap emporium for the sale of ready-made clothes, so that the same

cheap tweed coat and trousers, the same cap or felt hat, serve the turn of all classes in the country, and ploughmen have no article of dress peculiar to themselves.

However, the pigs on the farm are even more important than the sheep, as may be gathered from the fact that the herd at present numbers over 400. They are kept for the butcher, or, in other words, the Birmingham market, and it has been ascertained from experience that the best for the locality are cross-breds, Suffolk and white Yorkshire. The fact that there is an extremely good market for buying maize close at hand renders the pig industry a remunerative one.

As may be suggested from one of our photographs, machinery is very largely used at Baylam Hall. It is found necessary for many reasons to save labour wherever possible. One of these reasons is, of course, the rural exodus, which has rendered the supply somewhat short in the neighbourhood. The other is that the margin of profit on modern cultivation is so very small that unless every possible effort were

made to save manual labour it would be very difficult indeed to earn anything in the shape of a livelihood.



Copyright

"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN THE BARTON.

PEAR TREES AT DEAL CASTLE.



C. Hussey.

IN SPRING-TIME.

Copyright

IN the moat encircling the Round Tower of Windsor there was once a vineyard; and the moat at Blickling in Norfolk now grows flowers in place of fish. But the idea of converting the dry ditch of the stout old fortress, built by Henry VIII., on the very margin of the sea, at Deal into a siege garden, capable of supplying the governors with dessert in summer, and with unlimited supplies of stewed fruit in winter, will strike most people as no less ingenious than original. We must admit that it was not done until the danger of a siege was somewhat remote. But, for all that, the fortress was rearmed with heavy guns in the Napoleonic wars, as the centre of the local system of coast defence, and there was every chance that the long muzzles of the cast-iron cannon might be firing round shot and grape over the fruit-laden and carefully-trained branches of the figs and pears upon the walls. The fortress itself consists of an elaborate series of half-moon harbours, encircling both a second series of such defences, and a large central circular tower. A deep dry ditch, very broad, and with a masonry wall on the outer side, corresponding to the castle walls on the inner side, runs round the whole, and though the structure is in perfect repair, nearly four centuries of time have covered the stones with flowering plants and ivy in places, and converted the whole of the flat bottom of the ditch into a smooth green lawn. The Captain of Deal Castle was always an important military officer in old days, and later, like Walmer, Deal was always granted to some distinguished public servant as a residence. Lord George Hamilton enjoys that privilege to-day. The late Lord Herschell was Captain of Deal Castle,

as well as Lord Chancellor; and a century ago Lord Carrington had it as his residence. This Lord Carrington was the instrument of at once adorning and disfiguring the castle. On one of its bastions facing the sea he caused to be constructed a "carpenter's Gothic" erection of brick and stucco, painted a cheerful lead colour, so ugly, and so screamingly at variance with the solid sense and congruity of the rest, that it has evoked the irrepressible and outspoken censure of everyone who has



C. Hussey.

A CENTURY OF BLOSSOM.

Copyright

since looked upon it. But his lordship had a gardener, a man of originality and sense, trained on his estate in Buckinghamshire. Mr. Ricketts, for that was his name, is now remembered in the neighbourhood as the first introducer of glass-houses to the locality, and may, perhaps, be regarded as the pioneer of the great fruit-growing industry under glass for which the South-East Coast is famous now, and of which Worthing is the centre. His son established a famous nursery at Deal. He came to Deal in attendance on Lord Carrington, and soon saw that the moat of the castle was the only part of the demesne on which anything but seaweed would grow. On the side of the castle furthest from the sea is a splendid old gatehouse, reached by a bridge, defended by heavy doors, and traps in the arch for pouring boiling water over assailants, and more antique in design than the rest of the castle. The drawbridge, though not working, could easily be replaced. On either side, from the bottom of the ditch to the last course of stone on the battlements, grows an immense and exquisitely trained pear tree, lovely at any time, but at this season, when covered by clumps of blossom set off by the warm, grey stones below, most particularly beautiful. Though they look alike, there is a considerable difference in their ages. That on the south side was planted considerably more than a century ago by Ricketts for Lord Carrington. That on the north side was planted about 1850 by Messrs. John Pittock and John Coventry, gardeners to the Earl of Clanwilliam, who was Captain of Deal Castle and died in the sixties. The trees are both of the variety known as Catillac, a hard stewing pear, of no use for dessert, but one which keeps well through the winter for cooking purposes. Unfortunately, both these trees are showing some signs of failure.

These are by no means the only fruit trees in the ditch, where figs, plums, and other pears have the happiest effect upon the walls. The ditch of the Tower of London, surrounding fortifications made by Henry VIII. on exactly the same plan, seems to invite similar treatment, especially as both pears and figs will grow anywhere in London.

C. J. CORNISH.

OLD SHROPSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

THREE are few classes of writers more worthy of encouragement than those who give time and trouble to the collection of local customs and superstitions. Many of these will soon have passed into oblivion owing to the advent of modern inventions, and if not collected now will never be. Lady C. Milnes Gaskell has shown how the thing can be done in her newly-issued book on "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey" (Smith, Elder). From it we take a few extracts referring to one or two of the observances relative to May, leaving concerning whom nothing new remains amusing to come across the following proverb:

"My grandam used to tell how they had in her time Morris dances and play-acting, and I remember," he continued, "a rare bit of fun. 'Twas to grin through a horse-collar at Church Stretton. When I war a lad," said old Timothy, "'twas accounted a fine thing to be able to make the horribile face in the town—next best to being the sweetest scraper on a fiddle or a fine singer in a catch."

The same man gives quite a graphic account of cock-fighting as it used to go on in the village, and superstition seems to have been introduced even into this pastime:

"Was there not a belief that a cock hatched in an owl or magpie's nest was sure to have luck in the ring?" I asked.

"Sure there war," answered Timothy, with conviction. "I remember

C. Hussey.

out the May Queen, to be said; but it is

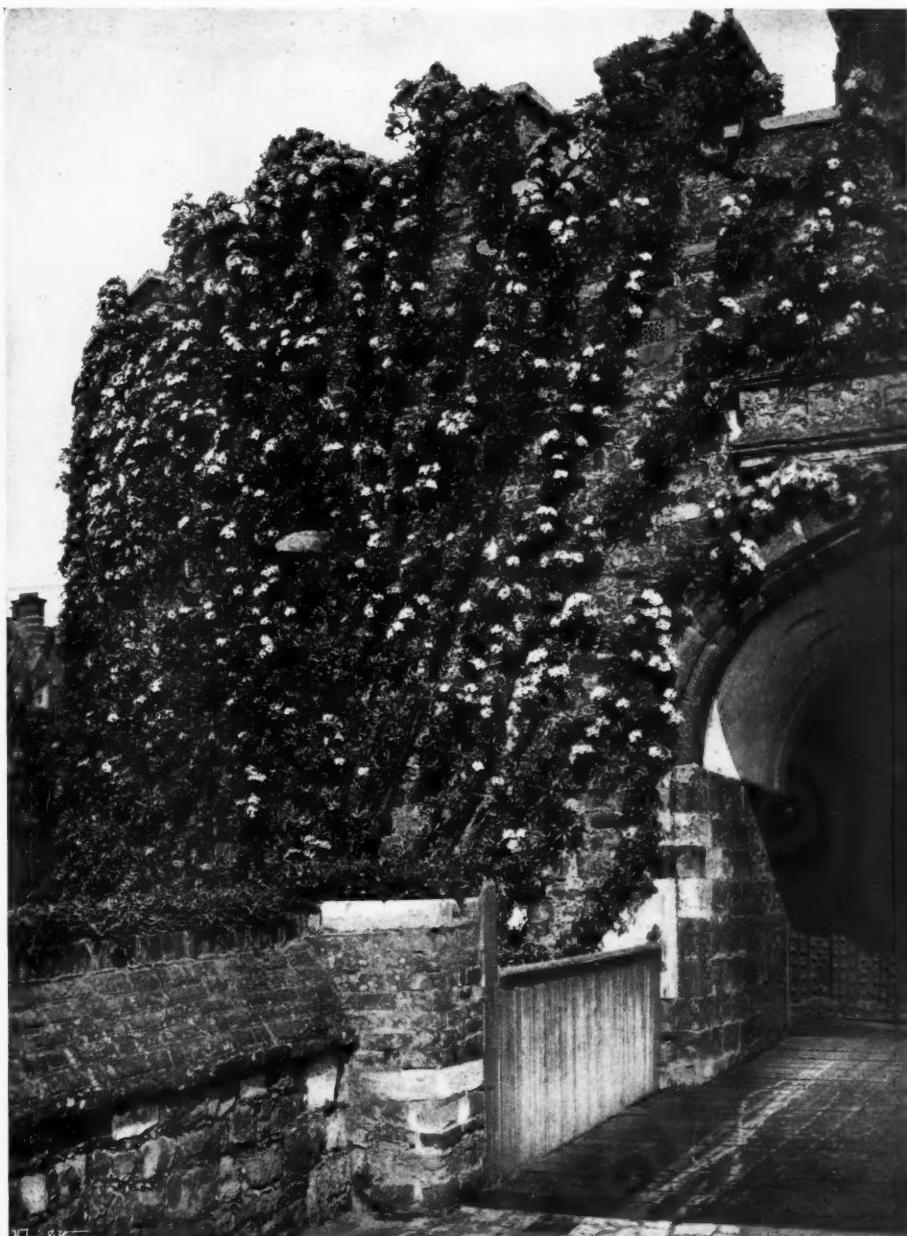
description by an old

man of a pastime that has become a proverb:

hearin' of one, Owen by the Clee, as had a cock that he allus swore had been reared by an owl; and Davies, near Munslow, had a famous green-tailed bird, that he used to say was hatched in a pie's nest. I cannot say for sure how it war," said the old man, "but sartain I be that them war the two best birds as ever I seed—let 'em be reared as they might be. They war two upstanding birds, tall in the leg, long, lean heads, and born game. No white feather in them."

May, too, was a great month for wakes and fairs, or feasts, as they were called in some parts. They have to a great extent passed out of memory, but here is a vivid account:

"Oh, they was most part a week," answered the old man. "There war too much fun then in folks, to let the fun die out so quick as it does now. Now, if a squire has a cricket-match, 'tis all over in no time. Piff-paff like a train through a tunnel. There's nought now but a smack, and a taste of jollity, and it dies with daylight. When I was a boy, it was altogether different. Us could work, and us could play, and us liked to take



THE CASTLE GATEWAY.

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cur fill, same as young bullocks on spring grass. Us used to dance and sing, run races, and jump for neckties and hat-bands, and play kiss-in-the-ring, and manage," said old Timothy, with a twinkle in his eye, "to stand by a pretty lass then, and to wrestle and box besides."

Here, again, is an interesting account of the keeping of May 29th, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II.:

"I saw little friends go by. They laughed and bowed to me. Nearly all the little lads had got, I noticed, a sprig of oak leaves in their cap, for it was the 29th of May, Royal Oak Apple Day, as the folks call it; and some of them as they passed called out:

"Royal Oak
I Whig provoke,"

and pointed to the badge in their caps.

Shropshire is the land of loyalty, and people still cherish there the memory of the hiding of the King at Boscobel."

It would be unfair to the book were we to create the impression that it is concerned only with folklore. The authoress has a keen interest in gardening, natural history, and many other country pursuits; and not only so, but she can describe them naturally and beautifully.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT is extraordinary that some of the most precious things in our literature have been the work of amateurs. Indeed, it is almost impossible to think of Sir Thomas Browne or Walter Pater coming down into the arena and fighting with beasts at Ephesus or any other city to earn their bread by professional literature. Their exquisite work, limited in many ways, would have lost all its restful and exquisite charm if they had been forced to express their thoughts "offhand," as it were—if they had been compelled to practise writing as a business. "Pater not exquisite!" exclaims a writer of our day, whose charm has itself something of a leisured old-world grace; "Pater not exquisite! a poor sort of Pater that would be!" It was the same with Joseph Henry Shorthouse, whose *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains* (Macmillan) we have just been reading.

He was born in Birmingham on September 9th, 1834, and it was in that busy Midland city that he was to pass the whole of his life, engaged for the most part in the business—a "chemical works"—that his great-grandfather had founded. His parents were Quakers, and the young Shorthouse grew up in that mystical, practical society, where a certain simplicity of culture was a tradition, a tradition that preserved it alike from bigotry and enthusiasm. His childhood and youth seem ever to have been surrounded by a certain gaiety which destroyed anything morose or fanatical that might have threatened one so sensitive and delicate in mind and body. And while he was "defrauded of the sweet food of academic institutions," he was yet able to find in the society of his cousins, the fair daughters of Mr. Southall, a certain discipline—an education—that colours his whole life and was of the utmost value in preserving a sort of Puritanic fineness, with a delicacy of thought and feeling very rare, one may believe, in almost any society, and especially valuable in that station of life in which he found himself. One of his cousins has left us a delightful account of those early days, when they would assemble in the house of their grandparents at Molesley, that old house surrounded by

"a large extent of garden ground and ample lawns. . . . Below, but accessible by stone steps, lay the low garden, surrounded by brick, lichen-covered walls, beyond which rose banks of trees. On those old walls nectarines, peaches, and apricots ripened in the August sun. In the upper part of this walled garden stretched a winding lawn made in the shape of the letter S, and surrounded on all sides by laurels."

It was here Shorthouse spent much of his youth.

"He was a dreamer, one whose imagination acted the part to himself of guide, philosopher, and friend. . . . Certain historical events took complete possession of him at this time, and, though he appeared desultory and to dislike patient study, he had a faculty by which he appropriated every fact, however small, which illustrated the event. Thus there was built up in his mind a picture ideal, but true of the past, and he had a wonderful power of putting this ideal picture into language. He was even then a brilliant conversationalist, very vigorous in argument, and anything but dreamy when stirred up by opposition. He disliked physical science . . . our cousin was at this time and at all other times very particular about his dress and appearance; it seemed to us then that he assumed a certain exaggeration with regard to them; we did not understand how consistent it all was with his idea of life"

At sixteen years of age his schooldays, interrupted though they had been by illness and hampered by the stammer that had developed in early childhood, were over. He entered his father's business. His work there, which apparently was not of a very absorbing nature, seems to have lasted till the last year of his life; but for the most part the memoir is silent about his business life, preserving here a reticence that might well have embraced many of the casual opinions on contemporary work which are set down as pearls of price, but are really sillinesses.

At twenty-three he married, and the rest of his life was passed in an almost complete physical seclusion, save for certain visits to London, to Wales, and to the South Coast. But in the midst of this material serenity, a little monotonous and colourless, the greatest event of his life was awaiting him. Not long after his marriage he, with his wife, entered the communion of the Church of England. It is really the one revolution in a soul that was but half awake, as it were, that was infinitely contented with beauty divorced from life. Everything in the Church of England seems to have attracted him; its compromise with the world, so "gentlemanly" in its disapproval of worldliness, no less than its historical respectability. And it especially appealed to him in that it was national, its very defects and imperfections being faults in the national character that it is so easy to see as virtues—those little virtues that sap the life more surely than great crimes. But, as we may think, it was chiefly the beauty of

the English Church services, and the "sacramentalism," the mysticism of Baptism, of the Holy Communion, that attracted a mind always eager for romance. And, as it might seem, he owed almost everything to the Church of England. His one book, "John Inglesant," could not have been written by anyone outside that communion. His best piece of prose was an appreciation of one of the most characteristic of her sons, George Herbert. His lesser works, "Blanche Lady Falaise" and "Sir Percival," are impregnated with her spirit, and are tolerable only to those who have felt the charm of her quietness, her unenthusiastic nobility that is independent of ideas. His very defects, his dislike and contempt of Dissenters and of Romanists, his discomfort in the presence of enthusiasm, are her defects; and his success, too, is hers, for it is the charm of "John Inglesant" that we feel rather than its truth, its vitality, its beauty of seclusion, of self-deception in a world that is full of life and fiercely unhappy and greatly desirous. He is subject, too, to those illusions which seem so strange to the foreigner, as when in a long letter "To an Agnostic," very naïvely reprinted here in full, he says: "The teaching of the Platonic Socrates failed, that of Jesus triumphed over the whole intellect of Hellenism, and penetrating through every grade and rank of life and culture, has dominated the highest intellects, and been the crowning glory of the ruling race of the world." "The crowning glory of the ruling race of the world," the civilisation of England, that is, with its millions on the verge of starvation, its immense fortunes in the hands of the Jew, its frightful contrasts of sordid material luxury and sordid and terrible poverty, where there is no room for the spirit. Well, "there is more praise of poverty for its own sake in the Gospel than we are prepared to admit," said Jowett.

Begun about 1866, "John Inglesant" was published in 1881, the MS. having been finished in 1876. Above all things, Mrs. Shorthouse tells us he sought to portray the character of a "Christian gentleman." "When he had collected materials for a work, he said, 'I am quite ready to begin a book, only I want a plot.' By and by he found just what he wanted—the story of a knight, who, on returning from a crusade, met and forgave the murderer of his brother. Round this one incident was woven the story of 'John Inglesant.'" The knight, we may add, was a certain Sor Giovanni Gualberto, and in S. Miniato, in Florence, to-day, you may find the crucifix which bowed its head in approval when he forgave his enemy.

It is easy in any depreciation of Mr. Shorthouse's masterpiece to point out his debt to John Evelyn and to James Dennistoun. It is more difficult to explain certain incorporations of other men's work, forgotten though it be, into the text. For instance, much of what has been called "the most beautiful sermon in all fiction," is taken verbatim from "The Holy Court" of Nicolas Caussin, a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, whose work was translated by Sir Thomas Hawkins in 1634. No discoveries such as these will spoil our love of the book; but it is doubtful if we may say the same after reading this memoir. As we read the volume of the Life, it is with a sort of sadness, a sense of disappointment, as though we had been cheated of a friend. A little more discretion in permitting us to overhear the table talk of so deliberate a writer might, we think, have been wiser. Thus it is not gladly we hear him sneer at Dissenters—he who was a Dissenter—or telling us that he is "firmly convinced Balzac, whom I never could read, hated his own books," or exposing himself to our admiration when he speaks of Pater, or talking of the modern school of literature, a school that includes Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Gorki, Balzac, Zola, Maupassant, D'Annunzio, Hardy, and Meredith, after this fashion, "it is easier to photograph than to create, it is easier to grovel than to climb, it is easier to drivel and to maulder on page after page (especially if one is paid by the page) than to create something of perfect beauty"

Now, one thing is certain, to wit, that all the writers we have named, who constitute the modern school, have "created" life—men and women move through their books and love and hate and are unhappy. But Mr. Shorthouse, while he wrote a beautiful book, never "created" life at all; he had very little, if any, insight into character. While "John Inglesant," with all the immense romance of the seventeenth century to help it, was a success, all Mr. Shorthouse's modern books were failures. He was not a living force in literature. His great book was full of innumerable faults of form, of construction, of style. He triumphed in spite of, not because of, these faults. Not one of the modern school of writers he so despised would have permitted Inglesant to go to Italy on a mission from the Queen, and once there, to forget all about it!

But enough: Conduct concerned Mr. Shorthouse more than art, gentility more than life. It is painful in this memoir to see how he underlines the word gentleman. As a writer he is usually at his best when he speaks of a man like Herbert—a study which is not reprinted here, though much of less worth is retained. One might almost say in conclusion that the charm of "John Inglesant" for us is proved by this, that it will survive this revelation of these volumes.

THE LAWRENNY STUD FARM.



W. A. Rouch.

LAWRENNY CASTLE FROM THE PARK.

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LAWRENNY CASTLE, as it is called in the neighbourhood, or Lawrenny House, as its owner, Mr. F. Lort Phillips, prefers to call it, was built some forty or fifty years ago, and it is needless, perhaps, to say that it is inhabited by one who is a thorough sportsman in the very best sense of the word, or that the love of hound and horse is now, as it has been in the past, part and parcel of the family traditions. Even the loss of his leg did not prevent Mr. Lort Phillips, the uncle, I think, of Mr. F. Phillips, from

being Master of the Pembrokeshire hounds, and continuing to hunt with the same keenness and enjoyment as before his accident; and it may be doubted if there is any more thoroughly practical judge of a horse than Mr. F. Phillips himself. Upon the occasion of one of his frequent visits to Ireland for the purpose of picking up a likely chaser or two, Mr. Phillips finally selected three horses as being full of promise. One was retained by his friend, Mr. F. Bibby, and proved to be Kirkland, the winner of this year's Grand National.

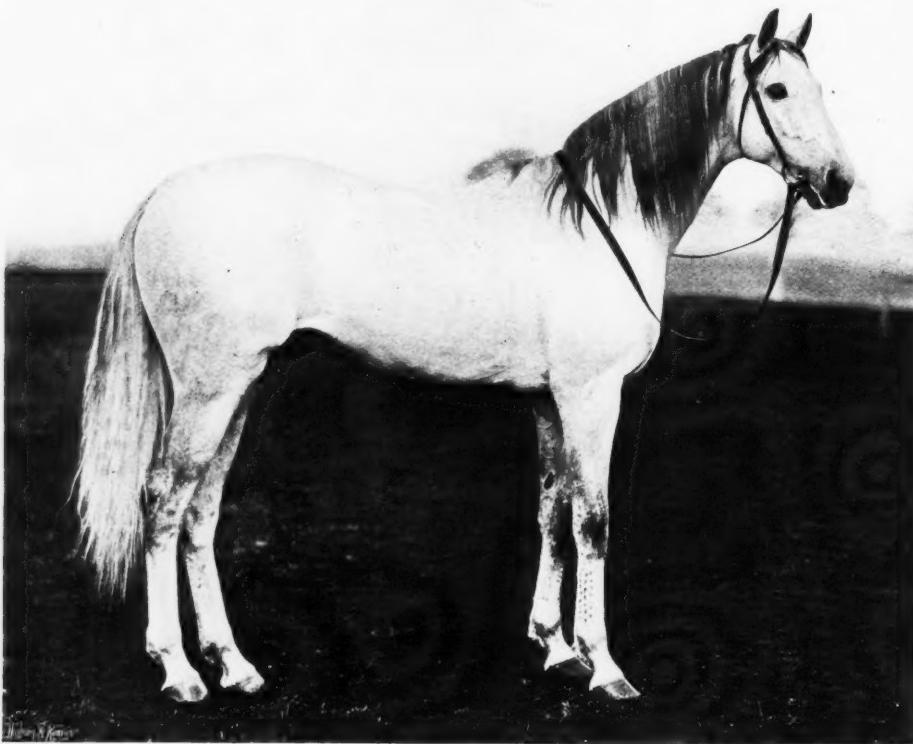


W. A. Rouch.

KIRKLAND (F. MASON UP).

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Mr. Barclay-Walker took the other two, who are known as Mr. Quilp and Friar John. Such "picking" as this would, I think, be very difficult to beat. Lawrenny is most picturesquely situated, and looks out on the wide expanse of



W. A. Rouch.

FRIARY.

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Milford Haven. The stud farm comprises about 400 acres, divided into large enclosures, in each of which some twenty or thirty mares can run together. The soil is chiefly limestone, and the farm is, practically speaking, all under grass. Many of the troubles which prevail among brood mares arise from over-feeding and over-coddling; but there is no fear of any such mischief arising amongst the bloodstock at Lawrenny. Mr. F. Lort Phillips's sound knowledge of all that pertains to the breeding and rearing of horses has convinced him that an existence as nearly natural as possible is by far the best and most healthy for all animals, and the success of the stud is a convincing proof of the soundness of the policy pursued with regard to the management of the stock. For some years Mr. Lort Phillips had adopted the excellent custom of keeping sound good-class hunter sires for the use of his tenants, amongst them being Utility, who was the sire of many of the best hunters in the country, and also such useful animals as Princecraft and Derringer; but the actual foundation of the Lawrenny Stud Farm may be said to date from the year 1900, when Mr. Lort Phillips purchased Missel Thrush at the memorable sale of the late Duke of Westminster's bloodstock, and sent him to the stud at the very moderate fee of nine guineas, at which price his list was quickly filled for his first three seasons. Last year, when his two year olds made their appearance on the Turf, they soon gave evidence that Missel Thrush could get horses of sufficient class to win races in good company, as Thrush, Song Thrush, and Whistlethrush followed each other as winners in quick succession. Although the present season is still young, Pretty Dick and Mistel Bird

are both winners who claim Missel Thrush as a sire; and it may be of some interest to breeders to point out that the list of subscribers to this horse's services for 1906 is already more than half full. Missel Thrush and Friary are the sires now standing at the Lawrenny Stud. Friary, foaled in 1894, by Grey Friars out of Secrecy, is an upstanding grey horse just on 16h. 3in. in height, with plenty of bone and great power, in addition to which he shows no lack of class and quality.

The extraordinary persistence of the grey colour in a strain of blood has lately been the subject of some discussion. At first sight the pedigree of Friary appears to be rather an interesting one, and, on going more fully into the matter, it can be shown that Grey Friars, the sire of Friary, can be traced right back to the mare Grey Starling, who was foaled in 1745; and each of the nine intervening dams who have carried on the pedigree have been greys. Grey Starling herself was a daughter of the Duke of Bolton's celebrated horse Old Starling, who was a grey horse foaled in 1727, so that here is an instance of the persistence of the grey colour in a family for about 180 years, and there is no doubt that it might be possible to trace it considerably further back; but it is somewhat difficult to ascertain clearly whence Old Starling derived his colour. His dam had five foals, all by Bay Bolton (foaled in 1705). Bay Bolton was a brown horse, but four of the foals were greys. The dam of Bay Bolton was a grey mare, got by a son of the Brownlow Turk, about whom little is known beyond the fact

that he was the sire of Grey Grantham. It should be worth notice on the part of breeders that Friary himself stood training for seven seasons, during which he won races, including several Queen's Plates on the flat, and that amongst the hurdle races which he also won was the International Hurdle Race of



W. A. Rouch.

APOLLINO.

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£1,000 at Gatwick. Missel Thrush (foaled in 1897) is quite a different type of horse, and the beautiful picture, which Mr. W. A. Rouch has been able to give us, well shows what a symmetrical, high-class horse he is. By Orme out of Throstle

(a St. Leger winner), he belongs to a capital branch of the No. 4 family, and is of the same breed as Common and Goldfinch. A very wise policy was pursued with this really good young stallion when he was first sent to the stud, with the result that the quality of the stock which he gets has fully justified the raising of the fee demanded for his services to its present amount of 38 guineas.

"When the morning breaks, and the thrush awakes," it is good to stand in the grassy and gently undulating pastures which surround Lawrenny House. Away to the eastward the first flush of the early dawn is reflected in the peaceful waters of the Haven of Milford; nearer at hand the wreaths of smoke from the fresh-lit fires in the cottages of Lawrenny village float peacefully into the sweet clear air; out from the shelter of a clump of trees come the deer, with their dainty tread; from the earth itself comes the fragrant breath of awakening Nature, and as one turns to wander down the track by the side of the Cow Pastures, the cool ozone-laden morning breeze comes in from yonder across the Haven. The short elastic turf seems just an ideal place for a gallop, and from away in the distance behind us comes the sound of the even, cadenced gallop of a thorough-bred horse. Nearer and nearer it comes, till the horses swing into sight, and Kirkland, the hero of this year's Grand National, with Mason riding, followed by Apollino, Glenrex, Wild Boer, and Marchalong, come striding past in a nice half-speed canter, cracking their nostrils, and reaching at their bridles as they settle to their strides and disappear from sight as they make the turn at the bottom of the pastures.

Among the mares who are visiting Missel Thrush are Highland Plaid, with a filly foal by Sidus, and Port-



W. A. Rouch.

MISSEL THRUSH.

Copyright

from its soil and climate, for breeding first-class thorough-bred stock.

The recent victory of Kirkland in the Grand National Steeplechase was a veritable home triumph for Lawrenny. It has already been mentioned that he was purchased in Ireland, entirely on the judgment of Mr. Lort Phillips, and he was also trained in the home stables, and ridden by that accomplished cross-country rider, F. Mason, who also rode the horse in most of his work. There are excellent schooling fences in front of the house, and Mr. Phillips has the further advantage of being able to use the old steeplechase course, which lies somewhat further away, when serious work is necessary. Kirkland himself is a sound, hard horse, of excellent constitution and a kindly disposition. In one of our pictures, his owner's son, just eleven years old, is seen seated on the back of the Grand National horse. Judging by his seat, it seems by no means unlikely that one of these days he will be found returning to scale after a successful ride over a country, an event which would probably be not unpleasing to his father, Mr. F. Bibby, the popular Master of the North Shropshire.

bello, with a colt foal by Trenton, both the property of Lord Lonsdale. Then come Trilby, in foal to King's Messenger; Beatitude, with a filly foal by Galloping Lad; and Highland Beauty, in foal to the same sire. Belle of the Green has a filly foal by Volodyovski. Wantage Belle has a nice filly foal by Missel Thrush, and has gone to him again, and Fanny Jones, owned by Mr. Phillips himself, has a filly foal by the same sire, to whom also Irene is in foal. Many of the mares remain all the year round at the Lawrenny Stud, which is exceptionally well adapted, both



W. A. Rouch.

THE LAWRENNY STRING.

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W. A. Rouch. GLENREX (MASON UP) AND MARCHALONG SCHOOLING. Copyright

There is no one keener on hounds and hunting than Mr Lort Phillips himself, and probably no winner of the Grand National has ever previously been bought, trained, and run under such thoroughly sporting conditions as those which prevailed in the case of Kirkland. From 1882 to 1883 Mr. Lort Phillips hunted the Croome hounds, and in 1884 he became Master of the North Warwickshire, where he remained till 1888, when he took over the Pembrokeshire, and held them for five seasons. After which, 1894 to 1895, he had the North Pembrokeshire, and after an interval of five years entered upon a second period of Mastership of the same pack from 1900 to 1903. T. H. B.

IN THE GARDEN.

NEW DAHLIAS FOR THE GARDEN.

We have received from the hon. secretary of the National Dahlia Society the present year's supplement to the official catalogue, in which the names of the most beautiful new varieties are given, with brief descriptions. As this catalogue has not a very wide circulation, it may be helpful to give the names of the varieties which this special society recommends. We are taking no account of the Dahlias for exhibition, but simply enumerating those which have great garden value. It does not follow that a flower on the exhibition table possesses the same qualities in the garden, and visitors to flower shows should take heed of this if disappointment is to be avoided. *Show Dahlias* (revised selection of twelve varieties which make an especially effective display in the garden on account of their good habit and stiff flower stems).—Crimson King, deep crimson-scarlet; David Johnson, salmon, shaded rose; Ethel Britton, white and purple; Golden Gem, yellow, edged with chestnut colour; John Walker, white; Mrs. G. R. Jefford, yellow; Mrs. W. Slack, bluish white and purple; Perfection, orange buff; Queen of the Belgians, cream, tinted with pink; Rosamond, light ground, shaded purple; S. T. Rawlings, clear yellow; and Spitfire, bright scarlet. *Tanycy Dahlias*.—Comedian, orange and crimson; Duchess of Albany, of a similar colour; Gaiety, yellow, striped with red and tipped with white; Gold Medal, yellow, striped and splashed with red; Goldsmith, yellow, with crimson stripes; Matthew Campbell, buff and crimson; Mrs. N. Halls, scarlet, tipped with white; Novelty, rose and purple flakes; Peacock, maroon and white; Prince Henry, lilac and purple; and Sunset, yellow, flaked and striped with purple. *Cactus*.—This class has the great failing of hiding its flowers amongst the foliage, and it is, therefore, advisable to restrict the selection to plants which have not this blemish. The National Dahlia Society's choice is as follows: Amos Perry, crimson; Aunt Chloe, deep purplish black; Britannia, salmon pink with an apricot shade; Countess of Lonsdale, salmon with carmine tint; Effective, amber, rose-coloured centre; Eva, pure white; Florodora, port wine colour; Mary Service, pinkish heliotrope; Mrs. H. L. Bronson, yellow, shaded with salmon; Prince of Yellows, deep yellow; Spitfire, bright scarlet; and Spotless Queen, pure white. *Pompon*.—Bacchus, crimson-scarlet; Buttercup, golden yellow; Daisy, amber and salmon; Darkest of All, deep colour, almost black; Douglas, maroon, shaded with crimson; Guiding Star, pure white; Jessica, amber, with an edge of red to the florets; Lilian, primrose with peach-coloured edge; Nerissa, silvery rose; Spitfire, bright scarlet; Thalia, rose pink, white centre; and Tommy Keith, cardinal colour, with white tips to the florets. *Single*.—Beauty's Eye, mauve and crimson ring; Columbine, rose, shaded with orange; Darkness, deep crimson; Formosa, rich crimson, golden centre; Leslie Seale, silvery lilac, crimson disc; Miss Roberts, clear yellow; Peacock, crimson-maroon, tipped with white; Polly Eccles, satiny

fawn, red disc; Robin Adair, Petunia colour, white tips to the florets; Snowdrop, white, with primrose ring; Tommy, violet, scarlet, and yellow; and Victoria, white, with dark crimson margin. Dahlias may be planted with safety early in June, but not before. At the present time it is well to prepare the places where the plants are to go, remembering always that the Dahlia must have a rich soil to flower with freedom. Few garden plants require more attention in this way, and in hot summers plenty of water must be given, with also free thinning of the too-abundant shoots which develop during the months of June and July. A strong stake must also be put to each plant to prevent the stem from breaking in a high wind.

DAFFODILS IN MESSRS. BARR'S NURSERIES AT LONG DITTON.

It is always a visit well repaid to see the nurseries of Messrs. Barr in the time of Daffodils, but this year there is keen interest to the gardener,

for the good reason that many beautiful seedlings are to be seen there, seedlings which will be in the course of time familiar flowers in our gardens. At present the price is prohibitive and the quantity very restricted, but among the trumpet forms in particular this famous firm has achieved great success. There is little use in giving the names of these remarkable additions to the race, but the almost pure white trumpet Daffodil named after Peter Barr, whose knowledge of the family is unquestionable, was in full beauty. It is a noble flower, quite distinct, and of soft and beautiful colouring; a white Ajax it is described, but there is a suspicion of primrose in the strong and straight trumpet. We look forward to the day when its price will be less prohibitive than it is at present. A bed of it with the blue Scilla as a groundwork would be very charming and unusual. Elsewhere broad, grassy groups wave in the spring wind, Barri conspicuus, B. Sensation, Stella, Duchess of Westminster, and the many other forms which have become familiar in the gardens at home and abroad. The Daffodils will be followed by the Tulips in brilliant variety—the gesneriana, Picotee, Darwin, and other forms. Barr's nurseries are a field of colour in the early months of the year.

RANDOM NOTES.

Importance of Stirring the Soil.—A duty neglected by amateurs, and not always insisted upon by professional gardener, is the stirring of the surface soil, not only where the ground is occupied with vegetable crops, but also with Roses, Pansies, and such-like. The object of this is to let in air and moisture to the roots, and to sweeten the soil by exposing it to the influence of sun and rain. The writer has gone over all the beds in his garden, and stirred gently the surface soil, knowing full well the beneficial results that come from this timely and simple garden operation.

The Blue Ipomea.—A correspondent sends the following interesting note about this beautiful flower: "Last summer this lovely climber was seen in several spots, sheltered by a high wall, in the gardens of Gunnersbury House, a residence of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Although on the day I visited the place the weather was damp and dull, the flowers on each plant were fully open. Nothing in those gardens was more beautiful than the blue Ipomea."

A Remarkable New Plant.—The last meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in April was made especially interesting through the many new plants which were exhibited for the first time. Among these was the new *Meconopsis integrifolia*, which was exhibited by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, the Royal Exotic Nurseries, King's Road, Chelsea. Seeds of it were collected by their explorer in Western China, Mr. E. H. Wilson, and the flowering of the plant was looked forward to with much interest. It may be compared to a tall and beautiful Tulip, of a clear and soft yellow colouring, the stems strong and stout, and about 2ft. in length. The plants shown were not more than eighteen months old, and were very free, so much so that



W. A. Rouch. PORTOBELLO (LORD LONSDALE'S) AND FOAL. Copyright

in this respect it is more conspicuous than *M. Wallichii* and *M. nepalensis*. It is quite hardy, and, like the rest of its race, enjoys a moist spot. We heartily congratulate Messrs. Veitch upon acquiring so beautiful a novelty through their enterprising collector, Mr. Wilson.

Maize or Sugar Corn as a Vegetable.—A correspondent sends the following interesting note: "Early in May is a good time to sow seeds of the Maize to obtain good cobs for the late summer or early autumn. I saw splendid growths in August of the Early Yellow Six Weeks, or, as it is called in the United States, the Quarantine, and there was a good demand for them when in a quite fresh condition. Few plants grow more readily, and in the States and some parts of the Continent Sugar Corn forms a regular dish from July onwards. I have noted before its value where as much vegetable variety as possible is desired in this country. There need be no sameness at the season named, although this is too frequently the case. When failure occurs, it is generally due to ignorance or carelessness. A good friable soil is required, and ample food in the shape of liquid manure when the cobs are in process of formation, but this given, the plant will take care of itself. In cold and late districts, or on heavy clay soils, the cultivator would be well

repaid if the seed were sown in small pots in frames, and the plants put out early in July in prepared soil in a sunny and sheltered position. There will then be an abundance of cobs in September. In ordinary soils, when the seeds are sown in richly-manured land and the plants well thinned, the cobs will be ready in early autumn and yield freely. There should be a space of 2 ft. to 3 ft. between the rows. There are plenty of good varieties, the Early Dwarf Sugar, Crosby's Early Sugar, and Early Concord all possessing much value. Such varieties as the Henderson and Triumph are useful for a later season, namely, October and November. The seed should be sown in the open ground in May or June."

Planting the Summer Garden.—May is a month of preparation in the flower garden, all tender flowers under glass being inured to the air to harden the growth before their final transference to the open air. At the present moment it is wise to put out Calceolarias, but as a general rule the planting of Dahlias, Cannas, Marguerites, Lobelias, and all tender plants, should not be undertaken before the early days of June, when there is no fear of a sudden frost. The weather plays many tricks, even in May, and we have known disastrous results follow a too early planting.



M. C. Eames.

A CYDER ORCHARD IN SPRING.

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MERCHANT PRINCES OF OLD BRISTOL.

BRISTOL, its inhabitants proudly claim, can never be converted into a modern city, so royally did this city's forefathers spend their stores of wealth, gathered from far overseas, in raising the picturesque piles that on all sides greet the eye of the visitor when first he traverses Broad Street.

The second seaport in England in its Elizabethan days, it, in common with all the West Country seaports, was to the fore whenever adventure called for sailors who would trade and traders who would fight; and so successfully did her sons perform this double task, and especially on the Spanish Main, that to Bristol each ship brought back such wealth of all kinds and value as to call to mind that collected by Phoenician fleets for King Solomon. Inside, as well as out, they lavished money on the decoration of their houses, till, as these illustrations show, no peer or Court favourite was more sumptuously lodged.

Later on, again, when younger sons were granted broad estates in fair Virginia, and trade began to flow backwards and forwards between that colony and the Old Country, it was to Bristol that much of it came, and gave a fresh stimulus to its career as a prosperous city and port. Not merely on themselves did these old-time merchant princes spend their gains, but recognising the responsibility that ever comes with wealth, they saw to it that their children should have advantages, that had perhaps been denied to themselves, and founded schools and charities that endure to this day.

Since the construction of the Avonmouth Docks the city has regained some of its old maritime supremacy, and though

it is too much to expect that it will ever be able to rival the ports that have outstripped it since the rise of Liverpool, Glasgow, and others, still, thanks to the determination of one firm to develop a West Indian fruit trade, and of others to attract large quantities of various commodities from the great American continent, there is a considerable and ever-increasing trade being again diverted to its quays.

Among the names of men whom Bristol delights to recall, stands out that of Sebastian Cabot, who, by landing in Newfoundland a full year before Columbus reached the mainland of the continent, practically forestalled, as Bristol men ever had a happy knack of doing, the Spaniard in his Discovery of America.

In addition to their wealth, these early city fathers possessed a taste in architecture, in art, and other matters, which was extraordinarily refined in its magnificence. Wherever communities of sixteenth century merchants existed, whether in England or abroad, the monuments they have left show them to have been cultured men in the truest sense of the word. They were generous and appreciative patrons of genius wherever they noted it, and for them were executed works that before their time had been deemed worthy of nothing less than a king's approval.

Mr. Motley, in his history of the Dutch Republic, draws very vividly the lavishness with which they decorated house and city when a foreign envoy was to be welcomed or a prince impressed. Of course, as in all ranks and circles, there came a sad falling off during the eighteenth century, when the whole country seemed to enter on a perfect orgie of ugliness, but

there have been signs during the last twenty years that the dead bones of artistic sense and perception are stirring again with life; and with increasingly numerous schools of art springing up in every large town, and aided by the opportunities for foreign travel and the study of the highest examples of former art to be seen in exhibitions and museums, it will go hard but the present

modern, and perhaps the most notable feature in it is the superb Norman chapter-house, which is rectangular in plan and exhibits admirable mouldings and interlacing arcades.

Should the trade of this port go on increasing at its present rate, Brunel and the pioneers of the Great Western Railway may prove not to have been so far wrong when they calculated



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A BRISTOL MERCHANT'S HOUSE: THE GREAT FIREPLACE.

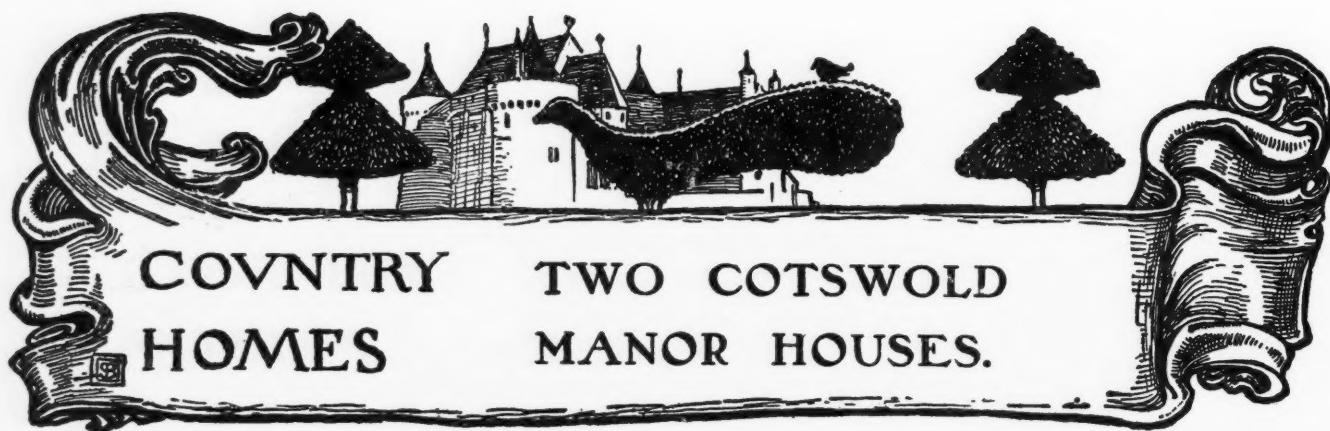
"COUNTRY LIFE."

generation shall leave behind it some proof that it, like the old Bristol merchants, knew how to spend with taste the wealth acquired by enterprise and ability.

Its fine, though small, cathedral, with its twin towers, was originally the chapel of an Augustinian monastery. The greater part of it dates from the fourteenth century, though the nave is

on the route from London to Bristol being one of the main thoroughfares of the country, for taking into consideration its proximity to the Welsh coalfields on the one hand, and its easy accessibility from all parts of the kingdom, there seems no reason why its merchants will not again take a prominent position among their compeers elsewhere.





IT was said by Sir Bernard Burke that most of the antiquities of this country might be traced either to war or religion—to the turbulent though chivalrous barons, or to the monks, whom it was the fashion of ignorance to include in one sweeping censure, "as if the embers of learning, art,

and science had not been kept alive by them, when but for their industry, the mailed heel of kings and nobles would have trampled it out altogether." The Ulster King of Arms wrote thus in introducing a rapid view which he took of the counties of England in order to gather up some idea of their treasures of fine domestic architecture; but he forgot the simple manor houses, which owed not much to war, and had no direct concern with religion. He had not in mind the old houses of the Cotswold country, or those which distinguish many other favoured parts of England. Such old dwelling-houses are nearly always architecturally good and picturesque, and they stand between the palace of the great noble and the humbler dwelling of the yeoman.

We have selected Biddestone and Doughton Manor Houses as typical of a large class, and as representing the ancient dwelling-places of a delightful region of England. Biddestone stands in Wiltshire, about four miles west of Chippenham, and Doughton some twelve miles away as the crow flies in Gloucestershire, near Tetbury, the ancient Fosseway crossing the attractive country between them. Both are built of the fine local stone, with a quaint attractiveness that will commend itself to our readers. The charm rests upon them of the life of a bygone age, and it is pleasant to record that they are both in good hands, and preserve the aspect of former times.

Biddestone Manor House, which belongs to Lord Methuen, has a picturesque form, with lofty gables, fine chimney-stacks, and excellent windows, showing that it belongs to a good period of domestic construction. The chimneys, set diagonal-wise, are an excellent feature. The house is of considerable antiquity, and there are interesting doorways which indicate that it was once attached to the church, the foundations of which are in an adjoining field.

The approach from the old gateway, with the ball-capped piers and quaint walls, up the garden path, is exceedingly charming. At Biddestone there is a great old tithe-barn of very fine construction; but even more



THE ENTRANCE.

May 13th, 1905.

COUNTRY LIFE.

667



BIDDESTONE MANOR HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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curious is the large dovecote, which has nests on all four sides, and is capable of holding over 1,000 birds. It stands very picturesquely adjacent to an old building, with a doorway of excellent type and a sundial on the gable.

There were formerly two parishes here, those of St. Peter and St. Nicholas, but the former was amalgamated with the latter in 1884, and St. Peter's Church was taken down, though the turret now stands in the garden of Castle Coombe. The church of St. Nicholas has a monument to Edmund Smith, the contemporary and friend of Steele and Addison, commonly known as "Rag" Smith, from his slovenly attire, but who was a fine classical scholar and translator of Longinus. Smith died at Hartham House, in this parish, the seat of his friend George Duckett, Esquire, who figures in Pope's "Dunciad."

The last note which shall be made upon this interesting place is to quote a quaint remark upon the parish by gossiping old John Aubrey, who wrote that the district "inclines people to zeal, heretofore nothing but religious houses, now nothing but Quakers and fanatics—a sour, woodsere" (*i.e.*, barren, having no sap) "country, and inclines people to contemplation, so that (for it is now all up with dairy grayzing and cloathing) sets their witts a-running and reforming."

Doughton—or, as it has sometimes been called, Dufton—Manor House speaks for itself, and there is rare beauty and character in its many-windowed, many-gabled wall. No more typical house of the Cotswold type remains in that elevated tract of country. We often wonder who was the master builder of a house like this. His name is not preserved, and architectural history knows him not. And yet, if he lived in these times, would he not be a distinguished Fellow of the R.I.B.A.? It is all good solid work, showing a great love for the picturesque skyline made by a long ridge and a multitude of gables, lofty and pinnacled in the true manner of the land. The old house is beautiful and attractive still, the delight of artists who pass that way, and, though its manorial dignity has gone, it has a venerable state as a farm. The manor anciently belonged to the Stonors, of whom Edward possessed it in the time of Richard II., and Gilbert, son of Robert, in the days of Henry V.

Doughton afterwards passed to the family of Talboys, descended from the Talboys of Whiston, Wilts, and the manor house was built by Richard Talboys, who was High Sheriff of the county. His family inhabited the house for many generations, and its representatives were there at the end of the eighteenth century. Since that time changes have passed over it, but it has lost nothing of its architectural charm. Doughton stands high in a country that is not



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THE DOVECOTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rich in water. Characteristic of the Cotswold country is the house, but not in this respect is the district, for in the many valleys of the Cotswolds there are few that do not possess a stream. Hereabouts is the centre of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, and many who follow the hounds know the grey old front of venerable Doughton Manor.

It would be the pleasantest task in the world, if the requisite data were available, to attempt to reconstruct the life in these houses as it must have gone on in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was a period when estates were much more self-contained than they are to-day, and the burly squires and their dames abhorred the idea of buying anything that was necessary to daily existence. They furnished their tables with fat beevves from the stall, sheep from the meadow, and good fat capons from the farmyard. They turned the pelts of the dead beast into articles of clothing, and the women of that day spent a great portion of their time at the spinning-wheel, making that beautiful napery which was handed down by will and bequest, and which was rendered fragrant by the lavender of several generations. For days of feasting they had the warren and the dovecote to fall back on, and when the Church commanded them to fast they had recourse to the fish-stew in the garden. On great occasions the squire would sally forth to town and buy himself a doublet and hose at great outlay, after much drinking of sack and taking of advice, while the good dame purchased a new stomacher, a christening cup to present to her grandchild, or a ring for which the money had been bequeathed by her great-aunt. But these were red-letter days in the calendar, and regarded as acts of dissipation from which they returned well content to their everyday garments of hoden grey, their diet of roast beef, and their drink of frothing beer.

MIGRATION . OF SALMON.

THE fascination that surrounds the questions connected with the migration of salmon, and the importance of anything that tends to throw any light upon the movements of the fish at the various stages of its growth, make every contribution to the knowledge of such movements of interest. It is often said that as people cannot be made good or bad by Act of Parliament, neither can the laws of Nature be changed by statute. That may be so, but it seems that the conditions of the natural state of things can be so altered as to produce variations in the usual rules that govern migration.

The ordinary rules as to salmon are well known. The young fish, spawned in December or January, hatched out about April, remain in



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OLD TITHE-BARN. BIDDESTONE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

May 13th, 1905.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

669



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the river usually two years, and descend as smolts in May or June. They remain a certain, or rather an uncertain, time in the sea, returning as grilse from June to September. They again descend, and, after a sojourn in the sea, return either in the spring (March to June) or in the autumn (July to October). On the Severn these fish are called "gillings," and those who are accustomed to handling salmon say that by the look of the fish, the scales and colour, they can certainly tell them from the mature fish. The gillings descend after spawning, and another sojourn of uncertain duration in the sea takes place till their return to the river as mature salmon, usually from May to July. Such is, or was, the normal state of things on the Severn. There might be slight variations owing to wet or dry seasons, but the above was the normal rule as to migrations. In the last fifty years great artificial changes have been made on the river. The lower reaches for the first forty miles have had all the fords dredged out; weirs have been placed across the stream which the fish can only surmount when there is a flush; and, lastly, a large quantity of water has been abstracted to supply Liverpool, with the result that the small freshets have almost disappeared, and the opportunities for the fish to ascend or descend the river are mainly confined to two periods—the first two months and the last two months of the year.

The result has been that the migration of smolts in the spring, April and May, has largely fallen off, as at that time there is no flood to take them to the sea. The smolts have stayed on in the river, and gone down, at least the majority of them, in the autumn. It may, therefore, be taken that the time of the first visit to the sea has been altered. Has this had any effect on the return of the fish as grilse? There is also the point that should be considered, as to whether the extra stay in fresh water has the effect of sending down larger and stronger smolts than before, and whether this affects the duration of their stay in the sea or the date of their return. On this, so far, there is no reliable evidence. But there is this very remarkable fact or coincidence—that the fish that return as grilse have, for the last few years, been annually decreasing in numbers, until they have at last become almost non-existent. Various theories have been put forward to account for this, but no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. The one that seems most plausible is that fish that descend late return late, and that the run of grilse takes place during the close time, and so is not noticed. Against this is to be set the fact that if there was a large run of grilse, even during close time, some signs of it would be found, and so far none has been. Another theory is that the fish do not return in the grilse stage, but stay longer in the sea. This, again, is pure conjecture. The facts are (1) the smolts go down later than they did; (2) since the smolts have gone down later the grilse have been fewer. Are these two facts connected in any way? If it could be proved that they were, a very important step in the knowledge of salmon migration would be gained; but at present there is no trustworthy evidence to prove the connection. The next fact that can be proved is that with the decrease of the grilse there has been an increase in the gillings. This may be a mere coincidence, or it may be more; at present all that can be done is to note the fact and to see if it continues, so that some opinion can be formed as to whether it is more than a coincidence. If it is, it opens out some most interesting questions.

Another fact is that the time of the different annual runs of gillings has altered; instead of being in April and May, September and October, the gillings now run all through the spring and during August, September, and October. If this is anything more than a temporary change, due to the state of the river, it points to a number of questions of the highest importance in the history of salmon migration. A further point that has been noticed is that the fully-developed salmon—the fish on his third return from the sea—has become more numerous and has also altered its time of return. Salmon are now caught earlier in the year and in larger numbers than formerly. Is this more than a coincidence? It is very tempting to say that the change in the time of the smolt migration has caused a corresponding change throughout, but it could not be said with safety in the present state of the evidence. All that can be said is that these changes have taken place; but whether they are connected or not has to be proved, as has also their bearing on each other. At present they are only the coincidences, but coincidences so remarkable that they are worthy the closest examination.

To show the reality of the change, the following figures, taken from the returns of the water-bailiffs of the fish they have seen caught and been able to weigh and describe, may be given:

	1904.			1905.		
	February 2nd to March 2nd.		Average weight.	February 2nd to March 4th.		Average weight.
	No.	Average weight.		No.	Average weight.	
Salmon	129	19 $\frac{3}{4}$...	539	22 $\frac{1}{2}$...
Gillings	73	15	...	137	15	...
Grilse	—	—	—	—	—	—

This by no means represents the number of fish caught, only those that the bailiffs have themselves seen taken and have weighed.

One other point is of interest: a record is kept of all salmon over 35lb. taken each year. For the last five years the number of these fish has been insignificant: 1900, 3; 1901, 5; 1902, 3; 1903, 7; and 1904, 7. These large fish never come in before March, usually not until April or May. This year no less than eight fish over 35lb. have been taken in February:

	lb.		lb.		
Males	...	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	Males	...	43
"	...	40	"	...	37
"	...	43	Females	...	45 $\frac{1}{2}$
"	...	49	"	...	35 $\frac{1}{2}$

It is impossible to account for this exceptional run of large salmon in February.

To give some idea as to how the salmon run on the Severn, the following figures are appended showing the percentage of the take of fish during 1904:

	Salmon.	Gillings.	Grilse.	
February ...	'80	'40	—	1'20
March ...	2'25	1'25	—	3'50
April ...	3'50	3'40	—	6'90
May ...	5'60	6'10	'01	11'71
June ...	9'55	20'55	'25	30'35
July ...	8'50	20'55	3'60	32'65
Aug. 1 to 15	2'84	8'80	2'05	13'69
	33'04	61'05	5'91	100'00

J. W. WILLIS BUND.

THE ENGLISH TANKARD.

SILVER tankards first appear in this country towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and were, in all probability, a development from the tin-glazed earthenware jugs, of various reddish yellow and purplish brown colorations, of Rhenish origin, introduced into England by



BROWN WARE JUG.



BROWN WARE: TALLER TYPE.

highly-finished workmanship for which the silversmiths of the latter reign are justly famous. The West Malling jug, which realised the enormous price of £1,450 by public auction in 1903, is a well-known example of this type of jug. The first illustration is a good specimen of the short, squat, brown ware jug, with elaborately decorated silver cover, engraved silver mounts and handle, and straps in the form of caryatides; while the next illustration represents the taller type. The influence of the form of these jugs is plainly visible in the fine and extremely rare tankard which is entirely of silver, and is of the date 1556. Two tankards of this early type, dated 1571 and 1596, are preserved in the Treasury of the Kremlin at Moscow.

This rounded form was succeeded by a straight-sided tankard, varying in height from 6½ in. to 8½ in., graceful in shape and slightly tapering, with domed cover, embossed with fruit and foliage, surmounted by a small turned knob, the body divided near the top by a plain or decorated moulding, and lower down by another moulding of an ornamental character, to which the handle is attached, the intervening spaces on the body being filled with engraved or repoussé strap-work and foliage of the typical Elizabethan kind, the domed foot decorated in like manner. A single and unique example is known where the cover is engraved and not repoussé. At Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is an early tankard, dated 1571, with applied heads in medallions on the body, and with a handle decorated with guilloche—an unusual style of decoration in the handles of English tankards. Another fine tankard, with similar medallions, is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Thirteen

Flemish or German potters who had sought refuge here. Three of these immigrants are recorded at Maidstone, Norwich, and Sandwich in the latter half of the sixteenth century. In the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, as well as in private collections, examples of these earthenware jugs may be seen, with silver mounts and covers, varying in date from late in the reign of Henry VIII. to almost the end of Elizabeth, and notable for the richness of decoration and

specimens of this Elizabethan type of tankard are known, all of London make, nine of them produced prior to 1580, the remaining four dated 1591, 1602, 1604, and 1618.

To these succeed the taller, upright, and straight-sided tankards, often richly ornamented, and sometimes in use as flagons in churches, of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. A very handsome one, of the year 1618, with the drum repoussé with strapwork of diamond shape, enclosing fruit and flowers, and cartouches filled with marine monsters, is in the possession of the Corporation of Norwich; a similar flagon-tankard, dated 1619, is at Kensington parish church; and a handsome pair, slightly richer in decoration, of the year 1634, belong to the Corporation of Bristol.

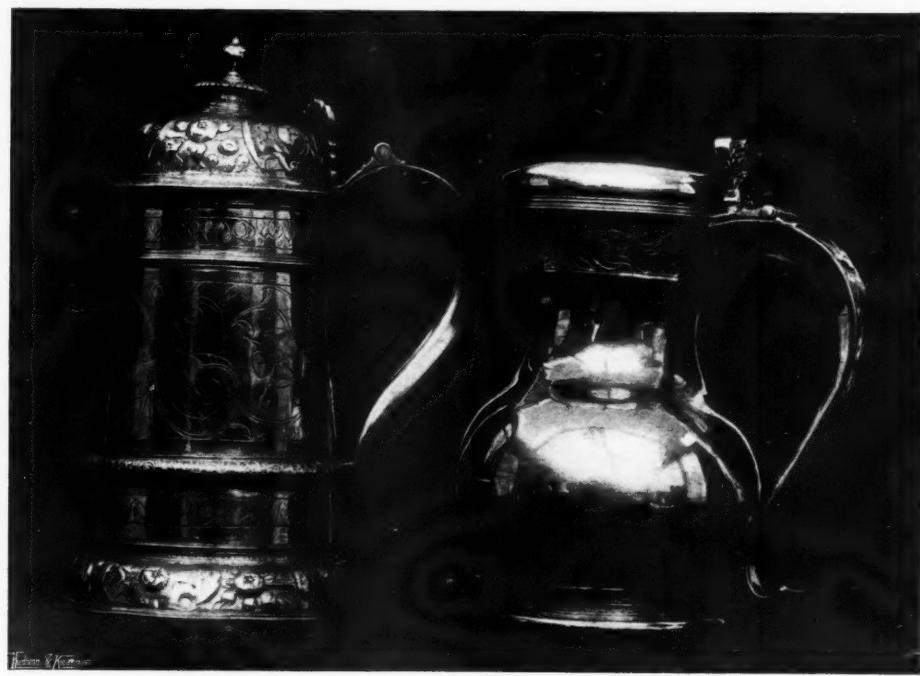
The rigid adherence to simplicity affected by the Puritans brought about a complete cessation of ornament in plate about 1640, as exemplified in the tall, severely plain tankard of that year, with slightly truncated base—a typical example of the period.

These tall tankards were in their turn succeeded towards the close of the reign of Charles I. by short, squat, and capacious tankards, with flattened covers, which became more abundant after the Restoration of Charles II., reaching the culminating point in greatest production between the years 1670 and 1686. The plain tankards of this time, though closely resembling each other in shape and size, show considerable variation in minor details, a few having lion couchant thumb-pieces, as in the tankard of the year 1677, others, but these are rare, having thumb-pieces formed of portcullis, pomegranates, dolphins, lion sejant, or scrolls; while the two most usual thumb-pieces are the pear-shaped hollow between two discs, and the two diverging volutes. Occasionally, a notched "rat-tail" runs down the shoulder of the flat, thick, hollow handles, which generally terminate in a curved shield, erroneously described as a whistle. Applied lion masks are sometimes found on these terminations of the

handles. Except for a base of acanthus leaf, in repoussé, a flat applied ornament, generally known as "cut-card," and the Chinese style of engraved subjects, so popular in the decoration of English plate between 1680 and 1685, the tankards remain plain. A very rare and interesting tankard, dated 1668, with a dolphin handle and lion couchant thumb-piece, and standing on three lion feet, is still preserved. Tankards with a row of pegs inside, which gave rise to the familiar saying "taking down a peg," are by no means common.



A PURITAN TANKARD.



SIXTEENTH CENTURY SILVER.

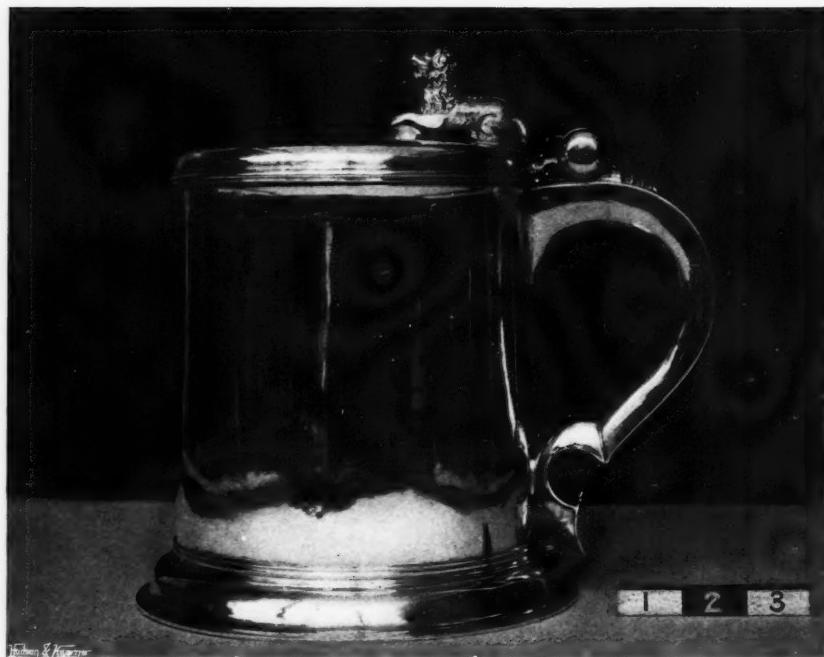
For about seventy years, from 1700 onwards, enormous numbers of plain tankards were produced, the earliest straight-sided, with flat covers; some with, and others without, a narrow, plain moulding

[May 13th, 1905.]

surrounding the lower part of the body. In the succeeding type the cover was domed, the body remaining straight-sided. Still later, the body was rounded and the lid domed; and last of all, at the end of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth, century, the tankards were hooped and staved in imitation of a barrel—a return to a type prevailing to a very limited extent about 1650.

The various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge afford excellent opportunities for the study of the evolution in the form of the old English tankard, by reason of the great numbers there preserved.

Numerous instances can be quoted where early plain tankards have been "decorated" at a later period with repoussé scrolls



AFTER THE RESTORATION.

and foliage, hunting scenes, etc., and in some cases an outer casing of chased vine leaf "ornamentation" has been applied a century later to tankards of the reign of Charles II.

Much could be written of the social associations connected with tankards. Few nations have been more jovial in disposition than the English, and our literature is lavishly sprinkled with allusions to drinking-vessels, from the little brown jug to the black jack. But probably no phrase is commoner in this connection than that of the foaming tankard. It reminds us that our forefathers of the sixteenth century were emphatically a beer-drinking people; strong

October furnished them with potations at and after dinner, and with small ale did they clear their heads in the morning.

ANCIENT WINDMILLS.

THE loss to country landscape by the gradual decay and disappearance of these landmarks is greatly to be deplored. It almost looks as if the winds had ceased to blow when places are revisited after twenty years of absence and all the fine twisting windmills have disappeared. There is only one left round London (that on Wimbledon Common), where formerly there were dozens, especially on the Hampstead heights, while Cornhill, in the City, only marks by



M. C. Cottam.

A KENTISH MILL.

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M. C. Cottam.

IN HARVEST-TIME.

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name where the Bishop's windmill stood. Formerly the fens were full of them for pumping purposes, while Suffolk and Norfolk, great wheat-growing counties, were studded with their familiar outlines on every rounded hill. You see them constantly in the landscapes

by Crowe, Constable, and Gainsborough. They were very stimulating features in the landscape, not only because of their size, and the pretty, jaunty little flier-vanes with their floats painted blue and scarlet, that turned the tops of the big, lower-built brick mills automatically to trim the sails to the wind as it shifted, but because, too, of the force and swift motion and sense of power inspired by the motion of those gigantic arms. When a high steady wind was blowing the rush of the great arms, the

(who were usually sulky fellows, owing to their life apart from the world in the mill-chambers) deem their dirty temple of Ceres.

There are three types of English windmill; Holland adds a fourth. The most modern are the brick tower mills. These are so well built that they are likely to survive later than any others. Next in age are the wooden tower mills. In both of these the body of the mill is a fixture, and only the cap, with the



M. C. Cottam.

AGAINST THE EVENING SKY.

Copyright

rattle of the louvres, the creaking of the great pin that held on the sails, the roar and crush and shake of the millstones inside, were exciting to the ears even of grown-ups and a source of fearful joy to all children. There were awful tales of bad boys and girls who tried to touch the sails as they swept by on their downward track, and were whirled about by them; while to climb the ladder stairs and peep into the floury mill itself was more than the hardiest boy dare do, so sacred did the millers

sail-pin and the sails, revolves, the turning being worked by the guiding sails, a separate set called fliers. The oldest mills have not altered one bit in shape for hundreds of years, as is shown by an old woodcut dating from the fourteenth century, "The Romance of Alexander," from which Strutt borrowed so much of his information about old sports, pastimes, and country life. They stand, as they have stood for centuries, and as other mills did now decayed into dust ages and ages ago, on a

mighty pivot of wood, called now, and called in the fourteenth century, the mill-post. The body of the mill is made of light matchboards, each overlapping the other, and the mill is turned on its pivot to suit the wind by a lever worked by hand, and often running at the bottom end on a small wheel, which makes a track all round the mill, the latter being turned much in the same way as a lock-keeper opens or shuts a lock. The top of the mill is in section, like an Early English arch, only rather flatter. The horizontal twirl of the sails is transferred into the vertical spin of the axis, on which the stones are fixed, by a simple mechanical process, and there are a pair of stones in each storey. The higher the mill the more stones there is room for. The largest windmills in the country are in Norfolk, where the height of the sails is in some cases 100ft.

The origin of these most important and ingenious machines is absolutely forgotten, though they must have come as the greatest blessing ever bestowed on womankind. All over the East, from the days of Moses till now, the women of the house have every day to spend hours in grinding corn into flour in wretched little handmills of stone. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left." In prehistoric England the same daily toil was the women's portion, if we judge aright from the stone querns found near their ancient dwellings. The windmill, adapted for use in dry

climates where there was no water-power, or very little, lightened the load of ages for womankind ever after. Yet it is not in the least known whence they came. "The Crusades" say some—guessing, not knowing. There are English records about disputed titles for windmills in the eleventh century. As the first Crusaders did not reach Palestine till the beginning of the twelfth century, the surmise is clearly wrong. The Romans never mention them, though they had water-mills on the Tiber. There was a windmill on the hill where Lewes, the old Sussex capital, stands, as early as the reign of Henry III. At the battle of Lewes, where Simon de Montfort beat the King, it is on record that the King's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the only English Prince ever elected to be the "Emperor" of the West, took refuge in a windmill, with some German mercenaries in the middle, and defended himself there. For this he is scoffed at in some very awkward, but purposeful, satire, written by a contemporary poet, one of the earliest of English political rhymes. The writer, whose rhymes are of the worst, though he is evidently what has been described as a "good hater," says that the earl "made him a castel of a mill-post," and, in a further stanza, remarks that the earl must have "thought that its sails were megonells," a military engine of the time. This reference to the post and the sails shows that it was a windmill. At Crecy the King took his place "on a little windmill hill." We wonder if one stands on the hill now.

It was very important to choose a good site for a windmill, where the winds blow freely. During the year the average of wind is eight hours in the twenty-four. But to use this the miller must take the wind as he gets it. Of all people he most keenly realises that the wind bloweth not only where it listeth, but when. Often when driving home from a country dinner or a dance in the old days, the mill windows were seen lighted up when everyone else had been in bed for hours. The miller was up looking after his stones, removing the sacks, or hanging up fresh ones to fill, for there was a good wind and the stones were moving fast.

Though the old mills with sails, used for grinding corn, are disappearing, there is a great revival of windmills in another form, not so striking or pretty, but still rather ornamental. These are the mills in the shape of annular discs, set upon lathed legs, and used mainly for pumping water into reservoirs on estates and farms. They have been set up in tens of thousands in a part of the United States in which, were it not for their use, not a human being could live. This windmill land is the State of Arizona. It is part of those districts which, by a slight alteration of the name, are called the "arid belts," including parts of other States. The land was one absolutely waterless, sun-dried desert of earth and stones. No rain ever falls there, and over it blows a steady wind, which parches the stones and dust, dry enough already, still more. Even gold-seekers shunned this deadly region of thirst. Then it occurred to someone that all the rivers and torrents that flowed down from the melting snows on the east slope of the southern ranges of the Rocky Mountains could not be entirely swallowed up and transmuted under the desert sands, because their volume was very great. Bore-holes were put down, and it was then discovered that at no very great distance down these streams and rivers were still "in being" under hundreds of feet of sand and stones. Windmill pumps (of the annular kind) were got to work, and the water was found to flow freely. In a very short time dams were made to catch the water, and the latter was distributed by irrigation. A blazing sun and plenty of water did the rest, while the discovery that lucerne, or alfalfa,



M. C. Capam.

WAITING FOR THE WIND

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would produce four crops a year enabled the fruit-farming to be supplemented by stock-rearing. Every farm has its reservoir or dam, its orchards, its alfalfa fields, its stock of rainbow trout (in the dam), and its windmill. But the latter is the first and indispensable asset, without which the whole farm would wither away in a month.

It should, perhaps, be said, in order to give credit to whom credit is due, that the automatic adjustment by vanes of the mill-cap to meet the wind was the invention of Andrew Meikle in 1750. It was of immense importance to the whole of the East of England, where, owing to the sluggish nature of the rivers, water-mills were scarce, and nearly all the draining, grinding, stamping, sawing, and pumping was done by wind-power, as it is in the North of Germany to this day.

C. J. CORNISH.

WOOD SECRETS.

THE scent of a flower which grows in a wood is much more than its own intrinsic sweetness. It is fulfilled with the savours of innumerable wood scents. At first it shall go hard with you to distinguish, to dissociate these other fragrances; for there is no identity so elusive as that of an odour. You may give it chase through a dozen devious ways and coverts of memory before you track it to its known haunt, and even then it may withhold its name from you with a reticence as stubborn as a savage's. Therefore, it is not by casual inhalation that you will gain wisdom in these mysteries of aroma. These are the very thoughts and visions which have been vouchsafed to the growing plant, through the long silences of gradual greenness. While a flower drinks in the sunlight and dew, and the rainbow-showers and winds, it is also intricately absorbing and assimilating much of the myriad lives around it. From that mosaic of promise and fruition of which the spring world is compact, the flower gathers to itself sweet influences. Circumstances and environment, with the bud, as with the child, are main factors in its development; and their issues are farther reaching than the haphazard wayfarer may reckon. Is it not probable, even, that while each plant, to all appearance, grows individually isolate and self-centred, it is dimly aware of the corporate life of the woodland, so that it partakes, by touch and sight and scent, of that multitudinous citizenship? There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them, a choir invisible of the green things on the earth, praising the Lord and magnifying Him for ever. This tuft of violets may commune imperceptibly with its neighbour the tall yellow spike of archangel. That family of primroses may be affected in some strange sort by the campanules of lapis-lazuli that ring the hyacinth carillon. Else how is it that one blossom will proffer you, inextricably blended in a cunning draught, hints and flavours of all the others? Each flower has its own clear-cut personality; yet each is curiously built up of memories, of suggestions, of subordinate delights. Even those blooms which are practically scentless, such as the spotted orchis and the Solomon's seal, are endowed with certain magical attributes which set them on pinnacle apart. Mere sensuous charm is replaced by occult potency.

Suppose yourself to be holding an orgie of colour and fragrance in a spring coppice on a blue morning. The oaks in their bronze armour of young leaf-buds stand sentinel along the stout outworks of the wood; a moat of marsh meadow lies below it, where its hedge banks wade in gold of kingcups. All the clearings are pools of bluebells, all the shadows constellate with primroses. Rose campions to right and sweet woodruff to left of you; and other herbs less signal, but no less significant, wood sanicle, and moschatel, and white stitchwort, and dark blue bugle. From the many-coloured posy in your hand there exhales the



K. Gregor.

A GIANT LABOURER.

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authentic inspiration of Ver, her fugitive irretrievable rapture. Lay the flower against your face, cool with that passionless chastity of petals, and their most intimate secrets shall permeate your blood. Here, spiritually present, is the keen earthiness of rain-wet mosses, here the "thick green" smell of hart's-tongue fern, here the resinous tang of pine and larch, here the dusty pollen from a million purple grass anthers. Here, the pungent acridity of wood spurge, the delicate breath of crab apple and wild cherry bloom, the vine-scent of uncurling leaves, with the dew of their birth still fresh and glistening on them. The mind wanders remotely through labyrinths of recollection; and each beloved scent is a false clue, an allusion to some forgotten fore-existence, a quotation from some half-remembered dream. All the sap of all the bygone springs stirs vaguely in your veins, claiming inexplicable kinship with the life of woods and fallows, stretching out tentative imaginations toward the spring resurrection that never failed us yet. The imperishable Antaeus in the human breast is thrilled by spasms of inveterate yearning. Something throbs and pulses, in conscious telepathic communication, between you and your Mother Earth. Deep down in the soil, roots and bulbs and germs are shifting and stirring; who shall say but bleached hopes may also stir together, bone to his bone, and dry seeds of chance may quicken into something at one with the teeming nativities around you? Every sod and clod brings forth abundantly; presently you shall not be able to lay a finger-tip anywhere and say, "Here is room for another leaf." The birds are so full of delicious gossip, that they must needs begin telling it before dawn, and can hardly prevail upon themselves



SEA-PINKS AND BLADDER CAMPIONS.

to stop at twilight. They babble of green fields, of light accumulating by gentle deliberate gradations, but most of all they talk of nests that shall soon be nurseries. And, very seldom, when you have kept still so long that they have forgotten you were there, very seldom and very softly, they will utter a few new phrases, wild and marvellous, and sweet beyond conceiving, something quite apart from their usual songs, which you will instinctively recognise though you never heard before. Here is the link between the building birds and the opening buds; in this mystical and transitory music lies the password of the sylvan freemasonry. It is possible, even yet, that you may learn it.

MAY BYRON.

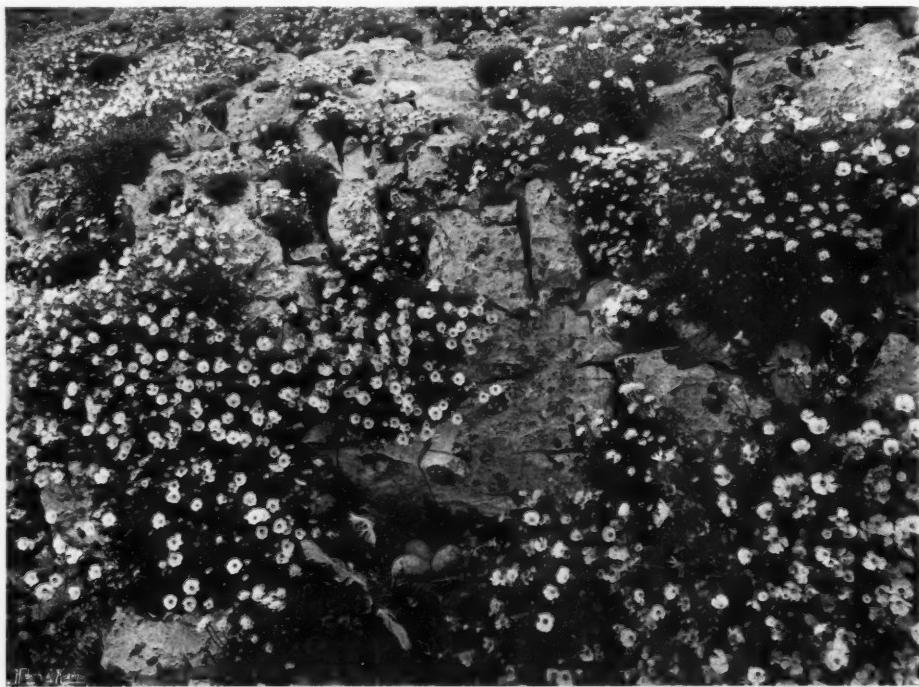
MAY-TIME ON . . . THE CLIFFS.

CRADLED in the heart of a paradise of flowers, a wealth of campions and sea-pinks in reckless profusion, extending in all directions and covering nearly every foot of ground on the shelving cliff, forming a closely-woven carpet in pink and white, the glorious, free, untamed sea in front and behind, to the right and to the left, lies this flower-girt home on an island, a sanctuary of wild sea-bird life. A turn in the winding path discovers other slopes; this one all sea-pinks and campions, as shown in the above illustration, but with a groundwork of grass instead of the limestone; that one simply a mass of nothing but pinks, looking in the distance as though it were literally painted pink; and yet another all blue with wild hyacinths. Who but a Tennyson or a Ruskin could word-paint the entrancing beauty of this sweep of bluebells, half concealing and half revealing the flock of white gulls standing about among them, the whole scene bathed in purest sunlight? One pair on the main coast have built their nest on a ledge only a little higher than high spring-tide mark, safe enough under ordinary circumstances; but here the unexpected happened which they had not calculated on. A storm in the first week in June, surpassed in heavnness by few winter gales, raged for three days, and when again I looked for that nest and young ones—they were not; not a vestige! I knew these babies well, having visited them many times to watch the exercise of their self-protecting propensities. On seeing you they at once quit the nest and flatten themselves down in the first convenient

angle of rock, never moving so much as a single atom of their small bodies. Because you have seen them move away you know that they are there, but had they left the nest before you came to it, it is ten to one that you would pass on, satisfied, even after searching, that there was nothing but the empty nest. Nor do they trust to their sight only; the first warning cry of the parent bird rouses them instantly, and off they sidle into their protective environment of colour. The attentions of the old birds, one to the other, during sitting-time are interesting and peculiar. A hen bird is sitting on her nest, thinking and brooding over coming events, when up flies her husband from over the sea. I am watching them through an 8-power prism glass—a glass worth its weight in gold. The lady immediately leaves her nest and commences kissing him all over his head and face with her beak; this ends by his suddenly emptying the half-digested contents of his crop—and a large plateful it appears to be—on the rock, which she, having ceased her kissing, at once eats up with hasty gusto, he not touching a morsel till she has finished, and then picking up about four crumbs—all that she has left.

"Disgusting!" I can hear some inconsistent brains and live oyster-devouring reader exclaim.

Fifty or sixty feet above this pair of gulls are two cormorants' nests on rock ledges about 6ft. apart. The old birds are building. At the moment of watching, one pair are away on a fishing expedition; the others are taking full advantage of their absence. One of them occupies the half-made nest, screwing herself round and round, tucking pieces of seaweed or stick into the edge of the nest. Her mate meanwhile hops across with the aid of one flap of his wings on to the other ledge, and deliberately selects the choicest bit of material from their neighbours' nest—not snatching the first bit that comes handy, but coolly picking up and putting down till perfectly satisfied. Now appears the artful dodger in him. Having got a firm grip of what he has stolen, he does not take the 6ft. short cut home, as, carrying a load, you would naturally suppose he would, but starts off towards the sea, making a quarter-mile circuitous flight round the bay, and up by the other side to his own ledge. His wife immediately constitutes herself a receiver of stolen property by grabbing the goods out of his beak before he has time to drop them, pretending to believe that he has found the stuff out at sea in a perfectly honest way. He repeats these thefts ten or a dozen times, always making the same short cut in going, and the same long roundabout in returning. The robbed



THE SEA-BIRDS' BOWER.

nest was in a very dismantled condition by the time they had done with it, and I reasonably concluded it would be a case of desertion; but in a day or two it was all rebuilt, and the last time I saw them both pairs had been sitting for over a month. I will match the cormorant against anything living for holding his own in a raging sea. It is perfectly marvellous how they will negotiate breaking waves, no matter what size they are or how near the rocks. I have seen them in small, confined inlets, close in between jagged rocks, suddenly overwhelmed with great storm-waves breaking right in upon them, fairly burying them in the thick whirl of boiling surf. Killed, drowned, dashed to small pieces a dozen times over, one would think—but never a bit; in half a minute they appear zoyds out on the surface, waiting and ready for more of the fun! In the storm that washed away my young gulls and nest I saw a cormorant fly down from a high ledge and, by deliberate choice, alight on the water in front of, and close under, a wave not much less than roft. in height, at the actual moment of falling over. The whole weight of water fell dead on the bird, so of course I naturally looked for his bruised and broken body on the strand; but he was on the outer side of the spent wave, paddling about looking for fish, as placid and unconcerned as any duck on a millpond. I can swim both on and under the water, but I give in to the cormorant.

In a crevice a little below the two cormorants' nests five young ravens were hatched out between the second and third week in March. The old birds and youngsters have been touring up and down the coast in inseparable company all through April, May, and June, feeding, to a large extent, on gulls' eggs, which, so far as the time of season is concerned, seem to have been laid for their special benefit. The discovery of a sheep fallen over the cliff (which not infrequently happens) is naturally to them what a city feast is to an alderman. Every stick in their deserted nest has been appropriated by the jackdaws living in the same cliff. Although I watched these birds for many hours in many days before the young left the nest, I never once saw them fly to the nest with food; I, therefore, considerably helped them by taking down dainty pieces of strong-smelling mutton and placing them on the greensward above the cliff, and then watching for results. First day, utter scorn of my princely gift. Second day, curiosity begins to work in the brain of one of them at least, but at a distance only. Third day, the one settles on the grass, gradually hopping within a yard or so of the coveted morsel; but his heart

suddenly gives way, and, croaking out something about discretion, he makes off with undecided flight. The gravitation to the mutton smell brings him down again in less than five minutes, this time close up to the meat, when all at once he makes a set of high spasmodic springs into the air, exactly as though, the ground being india-rubber, some unseen power had violently hit it just under his feet—a comically undignified movement on the part of so grave a bird. A desperate now-or-never snatch ends the performance, and next minute he is tucking the prize away in the cliff, covering it over, magpie-like, with any rubbish that comes handy. He secures a second helping next day much on the same lines, but needlessly carries it a long distance down the coast to hide.

Three or four years ago, when walking along this coast, I suddenly came upon a night-hawk fast asleep under the blazing sun, closely sitting on a small boulder of rock, partly shadowed by bracken fern down in a grassy hollow. He woke up just before I touched him. His flight was none of the soberest in the glaring light that he is so unaccustomed to. The strange thing about this incident is that twelve months after I was again passing the same spot, and squatting on the identical piece of rock was another, or could it have been the same, night-hawk.

For smoothness and closeness of texture what turf in the world can equal that of the up-and-down irregular reaches that lie along so many parts of our coast? Walking over it you feel you can never tire. So close and smooth is it that to touch it with a mowing-machine would be an insult. The keen salt winds and white mists are the makers and the half-wild sheep are the mowers.

Cliff lawns and flowers, happy birds in their wilderness of rugged beauty, "bellowing caves," beneath the gale-swept "windy walls," bays of smoothest sand, storms and calms, cloud and sunshine. Who will gainsay the fact that under these varied aspects Old England's coast, in those places still left to wild Nature's care and uncontaminated by man's hand, is, in a sense, different from all other coasts, and in every sense lovely?

"Ah sea, dear sea, sob ever through the dream

That is my life; for naught is real to me

Save thy true self; 'tis but thy silvern gleam

That bids me live in hope that I may be

Once more where billows dance and sea-fowls scream

Once more may drink thy breath, O perfect sea!"

F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON.

MRS. GRADWELL'S PIANO.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

MRS. GRADWELL, having returned from a shopping expedition at Little Upton, two miles away, removed her "blacks," still crinkling and glossy enough to denote that her bereavement was of recent date, donned her bedgown, and sat down in the elbow-chair by the hearth, with the long-drawn "Eh, dear," so familiar to the lips of the Lancashire housewife.

For all her seeming air of melancholy (a tribute, no doubt, to the memory of her lately departed James), Mrs. Gradwell, as she sat by her own brilliantly-polished hearthstone, was at heart a happy and contented woman. She had been "well left," there could be no doubt of that; her gaffer, moreover, had been considerate enough to manage his "deelin'" after a fashion most profitable to his relict. He had been ill just long enough to justify his membership of the local benefit club, and he had departed before the weekly stipend from that institution had diminished, as would naturally have been the case if his illness had been unduly protracted. Mrs. Gradwell had drawn his insurance money, and, though she had given him "as nice a burying as was ever seen in Thornleigh village," she still found herself with some six or seven pounds in hand. She was now about to effect the sale of a certain portion of her household gear, preparatory to taking up her abode with her married son and his hard-working wife, a person to whom she ever distantly alluded as "the yoong woman." She intended thenceforth to take a rest, while the said submissive daughter-in-law worked a little harder than before: she could make it worth while, as she had more than once hinted to "our Tom," to keep her for nothing; nevertheless, she did intend to pay a trifle towards the expenses of her maintenance, just enough to enable her to boast that she was not "behowden" to "nobory," but not enough to enable her own kin to make any profit by her.

All these considerations were sufficient material for the satisfaction displayed in Mrs. Gradwell's ruddy countenance on this particular evening; she even smiled to herself as she extended first one stocking foot and then the other to the ruddy glow; but at the sound of approaching steps and a

hurried tap at the door she immediately composed herself to a becoming aspect of resigned melancholy.

"Coom your ways in," she cried, half turning in her chair. "Coom in—coom reet in."

The door opened, disclosing the figure of a little squat square-faced woman, attired, like Mrs. Gradwell herself, in the striped petticoat and cotton bedgown, now only worn by the elders of the village.

"Tis you, Mrs. Winstanley, is it?" said Mrs. Gradwell, with the curious sideways jerk of the head, which is the usual greeting among members of her class.

"It's me," said Mrs. Winstanley. "And how met ye find yo'rself to-neet, Mrs. Gradwell?"

"Ah—h—h," groaned Mrs. Gradwell, casting up her eyes, "as well as I can 'ope to be. 'Tis wonderful lonesome wi'out my gaffer; but I'm not one as was ever used to repine, loove, and so I fixes my 'opes where 'opes ought to be fixed, Mrs. Winstanley, and I'm bearin' up as well as I can."

"Ah—h—h," sighed her neighbour, sympathetically, "you was always a feelin' woman, Mrs. Gradwell, wasn't ye? An' I'm sure yo're in the reet to tak' coomfort. You've a many consolations, Mrs. Gradwell, my dear."

"You'd ha' said so," agreed the widow, "if you could ha' seed how quiet my poor James went off. 'Twas like a hinfant—a body 'ud scarce believe it."

"And what were the last word he said?" enquired the newcomer, still in the subdued and mournful tone proper to the occasion.

Mrs. Gradwell hesitated. "He were wanderin' a bit in's mind," she remarked, presently—"wanderin' a little bit. He took some notion about his watch—he couldn't seem to mind who he'd left it to—"

"And he'd left it to you, o' coarse," put in the visitor eagerly. There had been some discussion on the subject amid the village gossip.

"It were loomed wi' the rest," responded Mrs. Gradwell, hastily. "But he got talkin'—our James did—and so, jest to

quiet him, I says to him, firm-like, but gentle, ye know—'James,' I says, 'howd thy toongue, James,' I says, 'and get for'ard wi' thy deelin', an' he never spoke another word arter that."

A pause ensued, during which the widow, affected by these touching reminiscences, wiped away a tear, and Mrs. Winstanley cast a furtive glance round the room.

"Ye've fixed the sale for next week, haven't ye?" she enquired, leaning forward after a moment, a hand on either knee, her eyes unusually eager.

Mrs. Gradwell cast a sharp glance at her as she restored her handkerchief to her capacious pocket, and nodded.

"Next week?" repeated Mrs. Winstanley. "I hear yo're goin' to part wi' the pianney?"

"Ah—h, it'll 'ave to go," conceded her friend. "They big things is so awkward to shift, ye see. The pianney'll have to go, and I'm sorry for't, for it have been in our family nigh upon thirty year, Mrs. Winstanley."

"Well," said Mrs. Winstanley, pursing up her lips, "our Lena—I'm on the look-out for a pianney for her. Hoo'll never do no good at the music, they tellen her up at the school, w/out hoo practises reg'lar, an' it's unpossible for her to do that w/out we has a pianney i' the 'ouse."

"That's true," agreed Mrs. Gradwell, dispassionately.

"An' so, I wur thinkin'," pursued her friend tentatively, "as I met jest have a look at yo'r'n, Mrs. Gradwell, my dear."

"So ye can," responded Mrs. Gradwell, still without any appearance of eagerness.

"Could I see it now, think you?" enquired her friend.

Mrs. Gradwell rose without speaking, and preceded her visitor into the parlour, a musty-smelling but very elegantly furnished room, with knitted antimacassars on every chair and a wealth of such ornaments as are dear to the village soul—spotted china dogs, Berlin wool mats, a stuffed drake with an excrescence on its head, and a fearful presentment of Mrs. Gradwell herself in a highly-gilt frame over the mantel-piece. In one corner of this apartment stood a little spindle-legged cottage piano, draped like the chairs in a variety of antimacassars, and supporting a vase of wax flowers under a glass case. Its proprietor opened it with an air of chastened pride, and stepped back while the would-be purchaser dubiously surveyed the yellow case.

"There don't seem to be so many notes as the one up in the school has got," she remarked.

"I daresay," agreed Mrs. Gradwell; "there's a many chilfer to play on the one up i' the school; they'd need a good few notes."

"That's true," conceded Mrs. Winstanley.

After a pause she tentatively stretched out her hand and struck the keys with one finger. The sound of each was accompanied by a curious jangling within the body of the instrument; but Mrs. Winstanley took no notice of this, and continued her painstaking investigations from bass to treble, pausing only when repeated efforts failed to produce a response of any kind from the three topmost notes.

"They don't seem to make no sound at all," she said, turning round with a dismayed face.

But Mrs. Gradwell gazed back at her stolidly.

"I wonder how 'tis they don't make no sound," persisted her neighbour.

"I mind," remarked Mrs. Gradwell, pleasantly, "our gaffer set down a moog of ale on the wood here a good few years ago and jogged it wi' his elbow. He jest saved it from upsettin', but soon o' the beer splashed over. I shouldn't wonder if it wur that, Mrs. Winstanley."

"I shouldn't wonder," echoed her neighbour, gazing hard at her the while. "I doubt there ought to be a re-daction for that."

Mrs. Gradwell laughed, as though much amused, but presently composed herself. "I don't interfere noways wi' the auctioneer, Mrs. Winstanley. I agreed wi' him for that. Says I, 'I'll not interfere wi' you, Mr. Johnson. I'll leave the whole business i' yo'r 'ands,' I says. 'Mak' yo'r own terms,' says I, 'I'll not interfere.' So you must say whatever you 'as to say, Mrs. Winstanley, to Mr. Johnson. The pianney's a good pianney—you'll 'ave no need to be afeared o' bein' took in, same as you met do if you was to go and buy one off a stranger. Theer 'tis, wheer it's allus stood for thirty year. If you fancy it you can bid for it, same as another—if you don't you can leave it alone; but don't ax me for to interfere with Mr. Johnson."

With that Mrs. Gradwell returned to the kitchen, Mrs. Winstanley following in her wake with a somewhat abashed air, as though she had been guilty of a solecism.

"Theer's Mrs. Newton," resumed her hostess as she dropped into her chair again; "hoo was very anxious to buy in that theer pianney."

"Mrs. Newton!" exclaimed the other, indignant. "Eh dear, I never did know a body so havin' an' so covetous as Mrs. Newton. Hoo's allus on the look-out for whatever hoo can grab—hoo's that—but I reckon Mr. Johnson'll not get mich brass out o' Mrs. Newton."

"Hoo'll tak' her chance like onybory else. Hoo'll bid, and ye can bid agin her, as long as ye like."

Mrs. Winstanley rose. "I'll see," she remarked; "happen I met jest as well as not buy one in a shop."

"I wouldn't advise ye to," returned Mrs. Gradwell with a detached air; "theer's no knowin' 'ow much expense they'd go for to run ye into, what wi' the carriage, and the toonin' an' that—why, they as to toon the school pianney reg'lar once i' two months. Now my pianney 'aven't never been tooned since our Tom's weddin', an' that's fifteen year ago, mind ye. It don't need it. An', what's more," she continued, working up with her theme, "if ye go for to buy a second-'and pianney out o' one o' them theer shops, 'ow are ye to know 'ow many folks has been playin' on it, and weerin' on it out? Now my pianney, I can say wi' truth as nobody's touched it more than nor two or three times in twenty year. So it's got all the gooiness in it, Mrs. Winstanley."

Mrs. Winstanley turned her head on one side and reflected, but she was not going to commit herself; she brushed an imaginary crumb from the side folds of her petticoat, and remarked that she'd think about it, and that as like as not she would step in on the sale day, but she couldn't be sure. Mrs. Gradwell also feigned indifference, but watched her with a curious sidelong look as she made her way to the door, and fell into deep thought as it closed behind her.

As a result of her meditations she decided to set forth on the following morning to call on Mrs. Newton. She found that lady heated in countenance and agitated in mind as she endeavoured at one and the same time to prepare the family dinner, to accomplish the ironing of a variety of small garments, which lay, in the crumpled condition peculiar to rough-dried articles, in a large basket beside her, and to quiet a pair of uproarious twin babies which were lying feet to feet in a wooden cradle.

"Always busy," remarked the visitor, as she stepped indoors.

"Eh, dear," responded Mrs. Newton.

"The twins, they cooms on wonderful," pursued Mrs. Gradwell, whose countenance was wreathed in smiles.

"An' so they do, bless their little 'earsts," replied the mother, glancing fondly down at them. "Theer's a leg, Mrs. Gradwell, as mottled and as firm—feel it."

As hastily, and with a damp finger, she twitched back the blanket to display the limb in question, the twin to whom it did not belong, and who had been hitherto cooing and ogling her in a tentative manner, burst into an indignant wail, and had immediately to be abstracted from its tumbled couch.

"I'm fair moidered wi' the lot o' them though," said Mrs. Newton, with a change of tone.

"Ah, but yo're such a model mother," returned her neighbour, shaking her head with an admiring air. "Theer, I shouldn't think there ever was such a mother as you are, Mrs. Newton. All as you do for they chilfer o' yourn—the edication as you give 'em!"

"Well, I do my best," returned the mother, with a bewildered air.

"Dear, yes," resumed Mrs. Gradwell. "When I hear 'em i' church now, singin' so nice; eh, dear, it see ns to me by times as if they 'ad the v'ices o' little hangels. Your Agnes Etta, yo' know, an' little Florency—ow sweet they sing, don't they?"

"They do that," agreed the mother, straightening herself and gazing hard at the newcomer.

"They practise their hymns a lot at home, I s'pose, as well as what they learn i' the school?"

"Nay, I can't say as they do. Theer's allus such a deal o' noise here, an' wi' all they little 'uns tumblin' about, I can't say as there's much time for singin'!"

"Tisn't as if ye had a pianney," remarked Mrs. Gradwell, with her eyes roaming thoughtfully round the room.

Mrs. Newton, dandling the baby and swaying from side to side, gazed earnestly at her visitor.

"I've often longed for a pianney," she remarked. "Ye mightn't think it, Mrs. Gradwell, but I used to play the pianney myself once. I had a wonderful good ear, and I used to pick out a many toones wi' jest hearin' of 'em once or twice."

"I've had a pianney for thirty year," remarked Mrs. Gradwell, suddenly bringing down her gaze from the top of the dresser to Mrs. Newton's face, on which the interest was growing.

"It's to be sold, isn't it?" cried the latter, eagerly.

"Next week," replied Mrs. Gradwell, "at the auction."

Mrs. Newton continued to dandle the baby, and gazed harder than ever at the portly form before her. "I reckon things 'ull go dear," she observed after a pause.

"I've left everything to Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Gradwell with an innocent air, "everything. Says I to him, 'Mr. Johnson,' I says, 'manage everything your own way—I'll not interfere,' I says. And I won't. But I tell you what I'd do if I was you—I'd coom and 'ave a look at it. It'll cost you nothing to 'ave a look at the pianney, Mrs. Newton, an' if ye like to bid, why, ye can, ye know. Theer's nought to prevent ye biddin' for't, and as soon as the price gets above what you're meaning to give, why, ye can stop, ye know."

"So I can," said poor Mrs. Newton, still gazing at her wistfully. Golden dreams of an occasional half-hour snatched from her busy day which might be employed in picking out the once familiar tunes, of hearing Agnes Etta and Florency raise their childish pipes as they stood one on each side of her of an evening—why, even the twins would surely be soothed and cheered by such music! Perhaps the little lasses might even learn to play—visions of chubby fingers wandering over the keys, of the neighbours' rapture, of the teacher's applause, came to dazzle the poor hard-working mother as she stood irresolute.

"Well, theer'd be no harm in coomin'," she remarked presently. "I'll think about it, Mrs. Gradwell."

Thereupon that thrifty body took her departure, feeling that she had done a good morning's work.

The day of the sale came, and Mrs. Gradwell, very fine in her "blacks," and with a yard more crape in her "fall" than had ever yet been worn by any Thornleigh widow, was in her glory. The pig fetched more than she had dared to hope for in her wildest dreams. The gaffer's old armchair was knocked down to Farmer Leatherbarrow, who never discovered that the spring was broken; the lustre china was bought in by a Liverpool dealer at a price which astonished even Mrs. Gradwell herself; while as for the piano—the bidding for it was so brisk between Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Winstanley, that there was no knowing for how much it would ultimately be knocked down. Poor Mrs. Newton, clutching a baby in one arm, while Agnes Etta staggered beneath the weight of the other, and Florency and one or two of the lads clung to her skirt, held her ground in spite of the pertinacity of Mrs. Winstanley.

Shilling by shilling the price mounted, and still neither would give way. Mr. Johnson positively laughed as he turned from one to the other of the excited rivals. The younger onlookers cheered and backed now this one, and now that.

When the sum of ten pounds was reached, Mrs. Newton began to look anxious, and her voice had a somewhat piteous intonation as she called out "Ten pounds one!" But Mrs. Winstanley was not to be outdone, and in shrill key topped her by half-a-crown. Mrs. Newton desperately increased her bid by another shilling, but Mrs. Winstanley added five shillings to hers. Thus it went on, until at last a total of fifteen pounds was reached; and then Mrs. Newton, bursting into tears, declared herself "fair beat."

"Coom, childer," she cried, brokenly; "coom, Agnes Etta, coom, Florency—we's be goin'. Theer'll not be no pianney for us this time. Eh, I dunno how hoo could ha' had the'eart—hoo as 'as but the one lass, an' me wi' all that rook o' little childer! How could I stan' up to her?"

Weeping, she made her way out of the place, and weeping the children followed her. So dim, indeed, were Mrs. Newton's eyes, that she scarcely recognised the familiar form of the Canon as he suddenly barred her progress, and it was not until he had laid his hand upon her arm that she came to herself.

"What are all these tears about?" he enquired, kindly; for he took a special interest in the usually cheery little woman. "Couldn't you get the piano after all?" He had heard about the rivalry between his two parishioners.

"It went for fifteen pound," sobbed the poor woman. "I couldn't rise so high, I couldn't."

The Canon burst out laughing. "Fifteen pounds!" he cried. "My dear woman, you should thank your stars for your escape. The thing wasn't worth five—I know it of old. It was poor James Gradwell's boast that he bought it at a sale at Upton for three pounds ten, and that was thirty years ago."

But Mrs. Winstanley was very proud of her bargain, and was never tired of bragging of her victory.

The sale of Mrs. Gradwell's piano was, in fact, a source of general satisfaction, for Mrs. Newton, who was a biddable little body, obeyed her pastor in rejoicing at her escape, and Mrs. Gradwell herself felt the transfer to be an additional item in the sum of mercies for which she daily made thanksgiving to a discriminating Providence.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE FIELDS IN MAY.

HERE is, of course, a very considerable difference between May in the South of England and May in the North. At the present moment the landscape in Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall is already that of early summer. On the Downs the gorse is still gleaming, and the broom is breaking out into its ruddier gold. The wayside trees are covered with foliage, and the bloom of the earlier varieties has already begun to disappear, while on the hawthorn patches are beginning to flower. Nearly all the fields present the appearance of growing crops, grass and corn showing a vivid and tender green; while only here and there the ploughman is seen at work finishing the sowing of mangels or preparing for that of turnips. But in the North spring is much more backward, and on many bare fallows the farm hands, both men and women,

may be seen engaged in their endless toil, the particular task before them just now being, for the majority, the sowing of turnips. On the whole the prospects of the season seem to be of a tolerably high character, as neither the April showers nor the cold in the early days of May have done more than retard the crops a little, and this is more of a benefit than a disaster. Sheep and lambs, after a start that was not the best conceivable, are now making rapid progress, while the succulent new grass of the pastures is perceptibly improving the condition of kine and other livestock.

CONCERNING THE DAIRY.

An alteration has been made in the points in the Dairy Show Milking Trials which ought to have the effect of encouraging more entries. The old rule was that no prize would be given to pedigree Shorthorns unless they made 90 points. This has been reduced to 85. In the same way, non-pedigree Shorthorns have been reduced to 110, instead of 120; Guernseys 85, instead of 90; and Ayrshires 90, instead of 100. The other breeds remain exactly where they were before, that is to say, Jerseys 95, Red-polls 90, and Dexters and Kerries 75. In giving Jerseys this prominent position, the Dairy Farmers' Association is showing practically that the results shown in the experiments at St. Louis coincide with English experience. At the St. Louis Exhibition 25 Jerseys were entered, 29 Shorthorns, 15 Dutch, and 5 Swiss cows. The experiments lasted ninety days, and the result was to place Jerseys uncontestedly in the first rank as dairy cows, while the Shorthorns did not come out so well as they would have done in England. Talking of cows reminds us of the constant dread on the part of farmers that one day they may have to face competition as keen in regard to milk as they have had to in regard to cereals; but the facts are really not so very alarming. During the four weeks ended on April 29th, it is true that 30cwt. of fresh milk was imported into the United Kingdom, as compared with none received last year, but the quantity of cream remains trivial and shows a decrease. The importation of preserved milk has fallen to 78cwt. a month; and condensed milk, though it still comes in to the extent of 58,000cwt. a month, fell by 10,000cwt. in four weeks. Milk is the one article in the production of which the home farmer has no serious rival, and it is likely to remain so for some time to come. But even with the small quantity we import it may be necessary to take stringent measures for testing it, since we have no control over the sanitary arrangements of the cowsheds and dairies at the place of origin, while medical opinion is ever growing stronger as to the readiness with which contamination may be conveyed by means of milk.

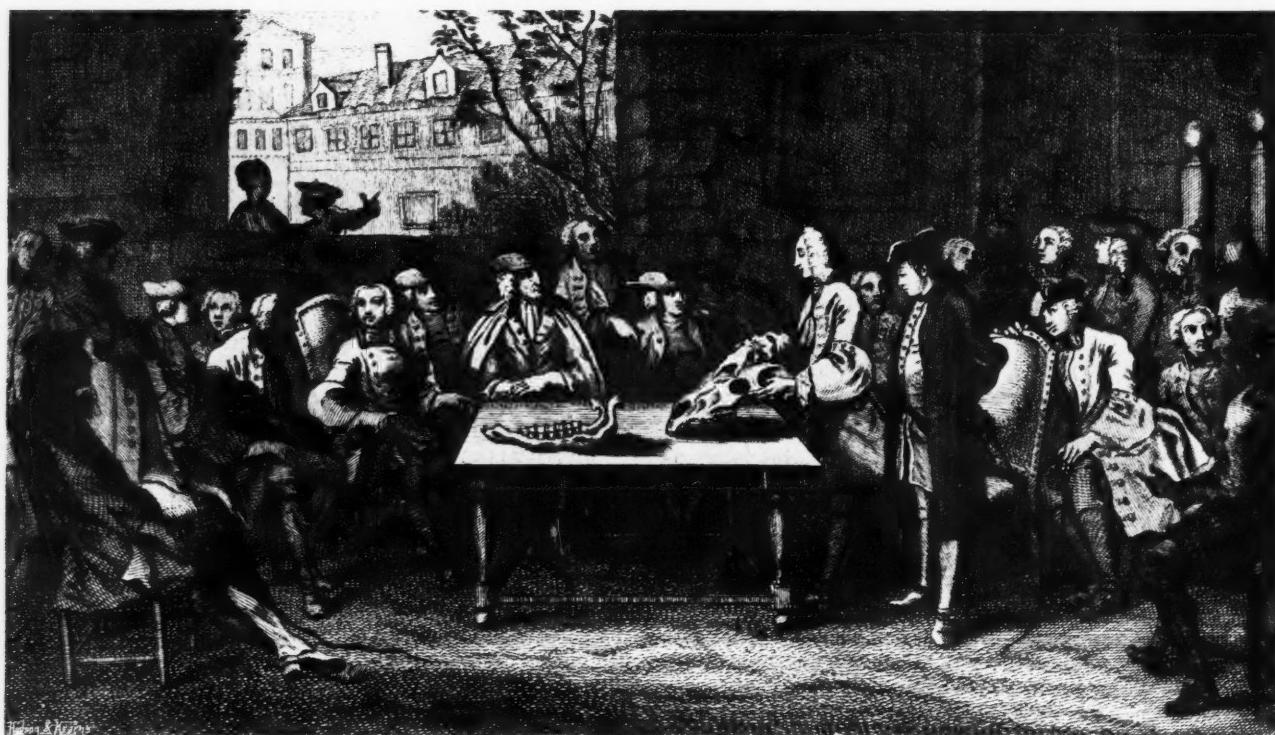
THE MARKETS.

According to the weekly return of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries the markets for agricultural products are at the present moment somewhat dull. It is a time of year when the supplies are not excessive, and that makes it the more remarkable that in London cattle have had a very slow trade, and that a diminishing demand is reported from many of the other great markets. As to store stock it is noted that the cold weather has affected them, and the demand has not been quite so brisk, but prices have been, on the whole, satisfactory. The trade in dead meat has been firm in London, but somewhat slow elsewhere, owing to the large supplies from abroad. Cheese remains pretty much where it was, but in butter the tendency is to fall in price. At this time of year the home supply begins to enlarge, owing to the coming of the new grass, and at the same time that which comes from Australasia tends to fall off. The imports have fallen considerably below what they were this time last year. The total quantity of Australian butter now on the sea and due to arrive before the end of May, is 42,800 boxes, while 39,250 boxes are due from New Zealand. The price is reported as declining; so it is at Copenhagen. Experts do not consider, however, that the price of butter is as likely to go down as that of wheat. Foreign and Colonial dairies for a very long time to come will probably continue to send huge supplies to the English market.

AUTOMOBILISM AND AGRICULTURE.

Some of the papers are beginning to contain remarks tending to lead to a controversy in regard to the effect that motoring is likely to have upon farming. Nowadays the motor is being used as a direct substitute, a great number of the omnibuses in London being, as a matter of fact, hauled by this motor force. Much of the haulage along the country high roads, too, is now done by motors, instead of horses. The result is not yet visible in the shape of cheaper horseflesh, but what the farmers think is that the sale of some of their produce is being injuriously affected. The motor-car does not consume roots, corn, or hay, and at present the tendency of these articles is to fall considerably in price. No wonder, then, that the question should be asked whether or no the very large introduction of motor-cars is not doing away with the demand for fodder. Those who take the opposite view point out with great truth that the present year does not offer a fair criterion, as farmers have in store the remains of last year's magnificent crop of hay, and forage of all kind is very abundant.

THE ART OF HORSEMANSHIP.—II.



A VETERINARY LECTURE AT THE ECOLE DE CAVALERIE.

"I confine myself in my work to developing, as far as possible, the true, the simple, and the useful in this art."—*R. de la Guerinière.*

AN unintentional link subsists between the present paper and the one on Pluvinel, owing to an oversight in attributing to the latter, in my last paragraph, words which were not his, but those of my present subject—François Robichon de la Guerinière, the Ecuyer, who represents equitation under the Regency and in the reign of Louis XV. The mistake was the less excusable inasmuch as the style of the later writer differs *toto caelo*—or rather *toto seculo*—from the comparative simplicity of the earlier academicist; just as the man Guerinière himself, with his rotund face, shaven and double-chinned, powdered periwig and full-skirted velvet coat, differs in physique and outward semblance from Pluvinel with his natural hair, pointed beard and moustache, worn according to the fashion of Henri IV. and Louis XIII. No less marked than the changes in fashion and style of writing were the advances in the *manège*

art. Pluvinel, the introducer of the pillar into France from Italy, had confined himself to the explanation of a few simple airs and cadences taken from Italian sources, and stands to Guerinière, with his clear-cut and precise definitions, his well-developed theories, and his attention to the science of the subject, in somewhat the same relation as the composer Lulli, with his Italianised ideas and early training, does to the later pure French musician Rameau. What Rameau's "Traité de l'Harmonie" was to the modern theory of musical art, Guerinière's "Ecole de Cavalerie" may be said to be to the "Art of Horsemanship." Victor Cherbuliez, indeed, goes so far as to place Guerinière, as the innovator and renovator of his art, upon the same footing in relation to the education of the horse as Rousseau occupies in regard to the teaching of man.

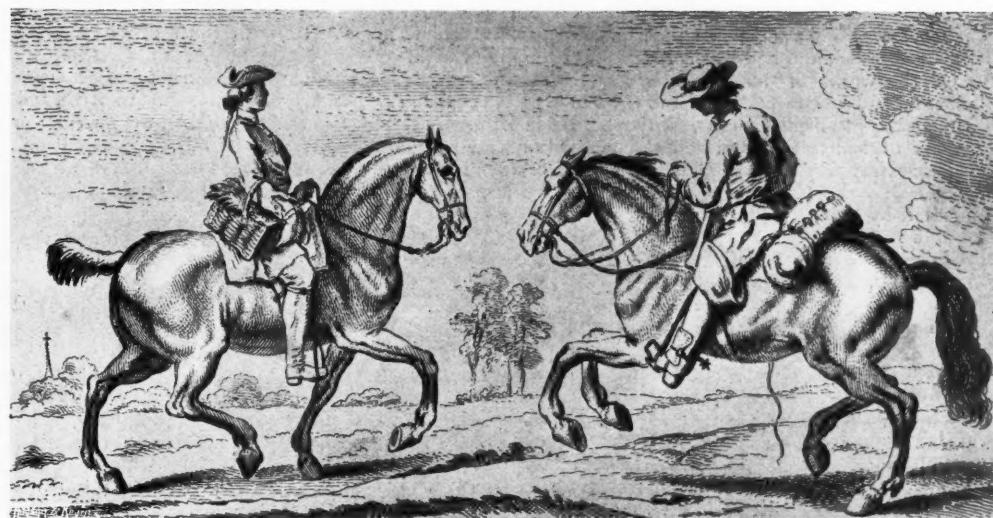
In 1667 Louis XIV. authorised the organisation in Paris of one or more Academies of Equitation. The idea was Mazarin's, but he died before it could be carried into execution, and the edict was countersigned by Colbert. The director of the school



CRITICISING A HORSE'S POINTS.
By C. Parrotel.

was always to be an ecclesiastic of high worth! The course of instruction was to comprise arms (*i.e.*, the sword), vaulting, the pike, musket, equitation, mathematics, the Italian, Spanish, and German languages, drawing, and dancing. The price of boarding was to be from 700 livres a year, and the uniform was of grey cloth with silver lace.

Between 1704 and 1715 there existed in Paris four Academies, one of which was directed by Antoine de Vaudueil, the master of Guerinière. In 1715 the Academy of the Rue de Tournon was closed, and the subject of our paper opened a new one close by at the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard and the Rue de Tournon, opposite the Palace of the Luxembourg. This he carried on from 1719, with varying chances, till 1725, when he was joined by his younger brother Pierre in the management. Ill success, however, attended the partnership till Prince Charles de Lorraine placed at his disposition, with the consent of the King, the *manège* of the Tuilleries, and hither he transferred



THE AMBLE.

THE AUBIN.

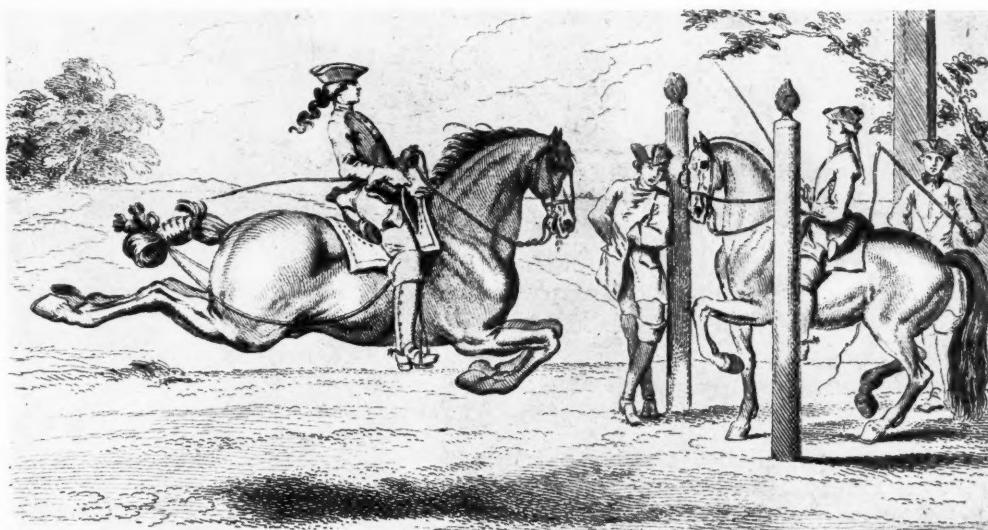
founded on the authority and practice of the most able masters of the art.

In regard to our author's remarks on biting, bridle, and saddle, we observe that all Guerinière's changes are in the direction of simplification. Compare the illustrations of his bits with the elaborate weighty instruments of torture depicted in the Italian Fiaschi's "Ordini di Cavalcare," and one understands how before the Neapolitan Pignatelli, in the sixteenth century, invented a bit with the mouthpiece consisting of three movable pieces, the solid bits, with cruel mouthpieces and heavy branches, obliged the horse to force the hand of the rider, and by rendering the animal hard-mouthed caused the very injury most desirable to prevent.

In Guerinière's day the form of bit preferred was the simple *canon*, consisting of two pieces broken in the middle and interlocking, thus giving more play. The branch *à la Connétable* (invented by the Constable de Montmorency, the best horseman of his day) was one still in use.

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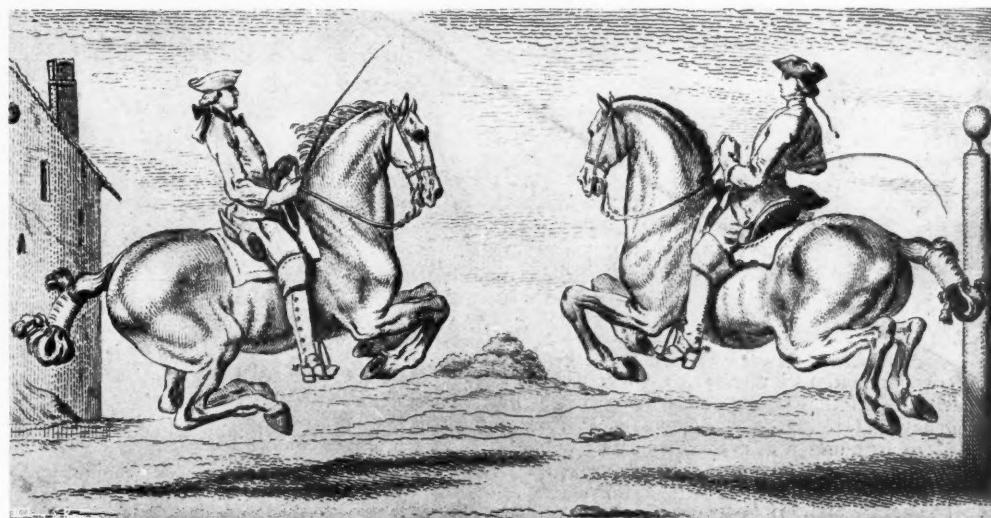
Of saddles he shows us four patterns. The saddles *à la Royale* and *à piquer* are both padded, and provided with raised pieces (*bâts*) before and behind to keep the rider in his place by holding his thighs firm, the former having them rather the lower of the two, or not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, instead of 4 in. The pommel had for some years been discarded as a source of danger to the rider.



THE CAPRIOLE, OR GOAT'S LEAP.

the pupils of what he had a year before called his *Ecole de Cavalerie*, a sort of early veterinary college, where a physician of the faculty lectured on the anatomy of the horse, and a surgeon carried on a series of veterinary operations, which La Guerinière proudly declared had never been practised before.

The Tuilleries *manège* was between the Palace and the Rue St. Honoré, on the spot now occupied by the Rue des Pyramides and the statue of Joan of Arc. From here he issued, in 1733, his first book in folio called "*Ecole de Cavalerie*," and also, in 1740, his duodecimo volume "*Éléments de Cavalerie*," and here La Guerinière remained as director till his death on July 2nd, 1751. Innovator as he was, Guerinière by no means pretended to have arrived at his knowledge without respect to the past. He expressly declared that he had taken all that he found of excellence from the best authors who had treated the subject, besides consulting those who by long experience had acquired the reputation of real connoisseurs. His theory is



THE CROUPADE.

RAISED AIRS.

THE BALOTADE.

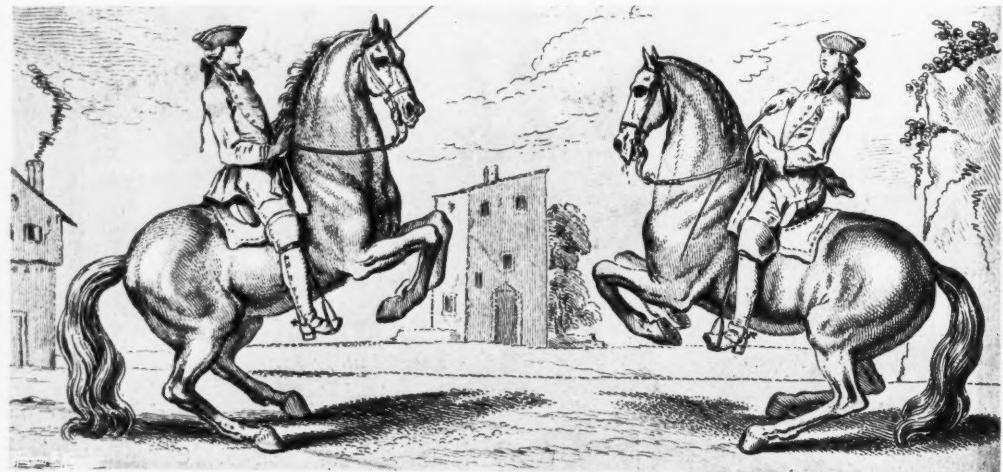
[May 13th, 1905.]

The English saddle and the *rased* saddle were for hunting, and the former does not differ much from our modern pattern, while the latter was padded, and had the front *bât* only, about 2in. high.

Of the works of his predecessors, Guerinière especially extols those of M. de la Broue and the Duke of Newcastle (to whom we hope to dedicate a later article). De la Broue lived in the reign of Henri IV., and composed a volume called "Le Cavalier Français" (1593), giving the principles of his Italian masters, Grisone, Corte, and Pignatelli, whose academy was frequented by the nobility of France and Germany. These two authors Guerinière declares to be the only two who can serve as models, and whose teaching he has incorporated in his own work.

In addition to the "aids" mentioned by Pluvine, Guerinière uses a modern form of Cavesson—a kind of headpiece

made of thick flat leather, with two long cords on either side to attach it to the pillars. After quoting La Broue and Pluvine as to its advantages, Guerinière says he considers it is very serviceable in the hands of a master, but dangerous in those of a pupil. Next we come to a definition of the technical terms of the art, such as "Air—a beautiful attitude which a horse ought to have in its different actions; also the cadence proper to each movement it makes in every action, whether natural or artificial." *Appui* is the *feeling* produced by the action of the bridle in the hand of



THE PESADE.

THE CURVET.



GUERINIERE INTRODUCING THE SHOULDER-IN.

promenade. This is a kind of stately trot, upon which it is founded, the horse holding its legs longer in the air, and putting them down again at not more than a foot's distance between each step. Berenger says of this air: "The passage is the key which opens to us all the justness of the art of riding, and is the only means of adjusting and regulating horses in all sorts of airs." Guerinière quotes the Duke of Newcastle's saying that a cavalier ought to have two parts of the body movable and one immovable, the first being the body, i.e., head, shoulders, and arms to the waist, and the legs from the knees to the feet; the

other is from the waist to the knees. The heel should be a little lower than the point of the foot, but not enough to make the leg stiff, and slightly turned in, so that the spur is ready for action, 4in. behind the girths. Not so much the legs as the flat inside of the thigh should be turned to the horse. Guerinière recommends the pupil to trot for five or six months without using the stirrups to perfect the rider's seat and poise. Leaping should never be taught before the rider has thus acquired equilibrium and learned to grip with the thighs instead of with the heels.

A. FORBES SIEVEKING.



S. A. S. Charles Prince de Nassau
Comte de Saarbruck et
Lahr Wisbade

Prince de Nassau
Saarwerde, Seigneur de
Lahr Wisbade

MANAGING THE MEZAIR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLUE BLACKBIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter of "W. L." on this subject in your issue of the 6th inst., I have on more than one occasion met with blackbirds' eggs of the very pale shade that he mentions, but they have not been absolutely spotless, as were those he met with on April 3rd of last year. Some years ago (April, 1890), however, I found what I understand is the rarest freak in the laying of the blackbird. Rarer even than the white egg at times discovered. The four eggs were entirely spotless, and of the colour of the egg of the hedge sparrow. They were short round eggs, one of them being rounder and shorter than the others, and alike in shape to the egg of the kingfisher. Looking at Morris's "British Birds," I found that he, the author, had recorded the finding of similar eggs by two gentlemen only, the Rev. G. Sowden and Mr. U. Rowe. I wrote to the Rev. F. O. Morris upon the subject at the time, and he, in reply, told me that he should make a note of the occurrence in the new edition of his work on British birds, upon which, I believe, he was engaged at the time of his death. I showed him this clutch of eggs to Mr. Charbonnier, a naturalist and taxidermist of Clifton, and he stated that he had never before seen a similar one. Within a short time of the occurrence the late Dr. Norton of Bristol, to whom I had also shown the eggs, showed me a similar clutch which had been sent him from the immediate locality, and which I think we may fairly assume was the second nest of the same pair of birds.—CHARLES F. HENDERSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE dated May 6th, 1905, you published a letter from a correspondent about the abnormal coloration of some blackbirds' eggs. The pale blue spotless variety your correspondent mentions is not uncommon, and is due probably to some of the pigmentary glands of the female bird not operating normally. Such inaction on their part is found either in young birds or in very old birds, the eggs laid by middle-aged birds

showing, as a rule, greater depth of colour in the markings and greater intensity in ground colour.—H. S. G.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been collecting instances of variations in the colour of birds' eggs, and hope your correspondents will add to what has been said on this interesting subject.—W. F.

THE SHOOTING OF RARE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Does Mr. Lazenby consider "ignorance of its species" any excuse for shooting a bittern or other rare bird? I heard last week in Wales the following stories: A girl walked into the shop of an Aberystwyth taxidermist with some bittern's feathers in her hat, and on being asked where she got them replied, "from a bird that father shot," the remains of which had been given to the pigs! Near the same town a man shot some "birds like crows with red legs and beaks," and when asked what he did with them replied, "Oh, I didn't want them, I just left them on the beach." What chance have the bittern and the chough against ignorance of this kind?—T. F. ROYDS.

VARIETIES OF THE PRIMROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The beautiful photograph of the primrose sent by your correspondent "P." to COUNTRY LIFE of the 29th ult. represents what is known to gardeners as the Hose-in-Hose form of this popular spring flower. It is usually developed under cultivation, but I have seen it wild. The same variation occurs frequently in that production of our gardens, the polyanthus, which has undoubtedly been evolved from the primrose, possibly by crossing that species with the cowslip (*Primula veris*), though its exact origin and history

are lost in the mists of antiquity. Another variety of *Primula vulgaris* (of which I had hoped to send you a photograph, but the heavy rains of the last few days have completely spoiled the flowers), which is not of uncommon occurrence in our dunes, is known as the umbellate primrose, and is often mistaken

for the oxlip (*Primula elatior*). This variety, as its name implies, has many blossoms, in an umbel, or crown, upon the stalk, and in this bears a strong resemblance to the *polyanthus*. It is usually set down as only a variation of the common primrose, but some of the plants, both in flower and foliage, approach so nearly to the cowslip, while others are as unmistakably primroses, that it is probable the plant is the result of a cross between the two species. Many of the plants produce blooms both in umbels and upon

single stalks, and many of the latter, if the plants are not to be considered as hybrids, might certainly more appropriately be regarded as single-flowered cowslips than as umbellate primroses. The true oxlip differs from the primrose and its varieties, or crosses, with the cowslip, in having inodorous flowers, with the calyx less inflated, and in the absence of folds at the mouth of the corolla. It is of much less frequent occurrence than either of the other species, and in a wild state is confined to one or two of the south-eastern counties of England.—L. G.

EGGS ON HAIR OF HORSE.

THE MIGRATION OF THE RED ANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We purchased a nest of red ants at Christmas. On Saturday, April 1st, I showed my ants' nest by lamplight to my school managers. The ants were full of vigour, "mesmerising the eggs," removing the cocoons from place to place, and making wonderful alterations in the arrangement of the nest. On April 2nd we found two ants outside, a few days afterwards four or five. They had, apparently, placed earth on the upper glass, and we could not see clearly into the nest. On the 7th there was none to be seen in the nest, but one ant was seen outside. On the 9th we opened the nest and found nothing in it but some shrivelled eggs and a little white thing running about inside, whether one of the aphides or a blind friend we do not know. But all the cocoons and all the ants had disappeared. We found the earth perfectly dry, as we had kept them in a hot room, and as they had completely blocked up the entrance we could not, without upsetting the nest altogether, put in any water or wet cloth for moisture. Two questions had now to be solved, (1) How did they get out? (2) Where have they all gone? The ants have been discovered in a flower-bed under the window of the room in which they were kept. It is a most wonderful and intelligent proceeding. They began by covering the upper glass of their nest with the black earth inside, and then they gradually in detachments departed to their new home. We did not think they could get out of the nest, especially as they had apparently entirely stopped the regular entrance, but it is only by this they could have escaped. They must have got down from the loo table, on which the nest was placed, by a chair that leant against it, but when they reached the floor they had to



GADFLY.



LARVA ON MEMBRANE.

THE LIFE OF
A FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I do not know if you may think the enclosed photographs, illustrating the life history of a fly, of sufficient interest for your columns. I have not hitherto seen them touched on in print. I have chosen for illustration the horse botfly (*Estrus gastrophilus*), tracing its career from egg to fly. The eggs, of which I send a micrograph, are deposited on the hair of the horse where the tongue can reach them, and are a pinhead size. The second photograph shows the larva from the stomach of the horse. The head of the larva is provided with hooks, which in life are fixed into the mucous membrane of the stomach, and the mouth organs protrude between them. In the photograph the hooks of the head are turned back in mounting. When discharged from the body of the horse it burrows into the earth. Thus the cycle is complete. I send also a photograph of *Tabanus magnus*—the gadfly—which is the terror of cattle and horse alike. I hope these few notes may draw notes and illustrations from many another and more eminent writer upon a wonderful life history which is closely associated with country life.—E. K. PEARCE.

A ROOK PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two pairs of rooks settled on an elm tree close above my house about ten days since. They at once commenced building nests, but one pair gave it up and left. The other pair remained, finished their nest, and placed a fully-fledged young one in it that had been waiting for the accommodation, since which time he has kept his parents fully occupied feeding him. I am aware that hen birds sitting are fed by the cock bird, but in this case it is a certain fact that the bird being fed is a young one. The nearest rookery is about two miles off.—J. R. B.



IN A CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

PLANE TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph, taken by Mr. W. A. Clark, gives a very good idea of the famous plane tree in the garden of the Bishop's Palace at Ely. It is about 230 years old, having been planted by Bishop Gunning in 1674. These trees have an extraordinary power of accommodating themselves to all varieties of climate to be met with in the British Isles, thriving alike in the wind-swept islands of the North as well as in the smoke-laden atmosphere of towns.—A. B.